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The Sketch

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING NUMBER

No. 2821 Vol. CCXVII

NOVEMBER 19, 1952

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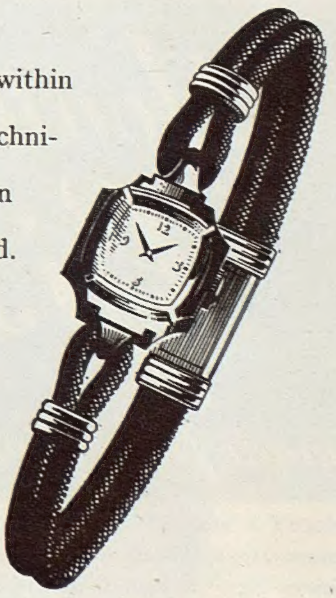

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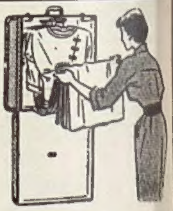

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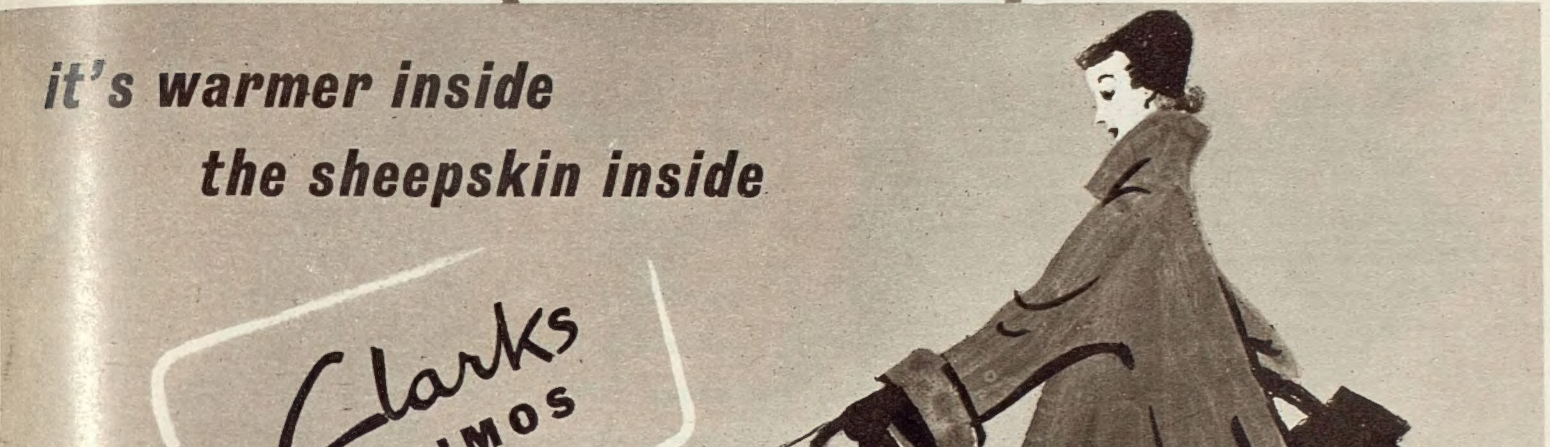

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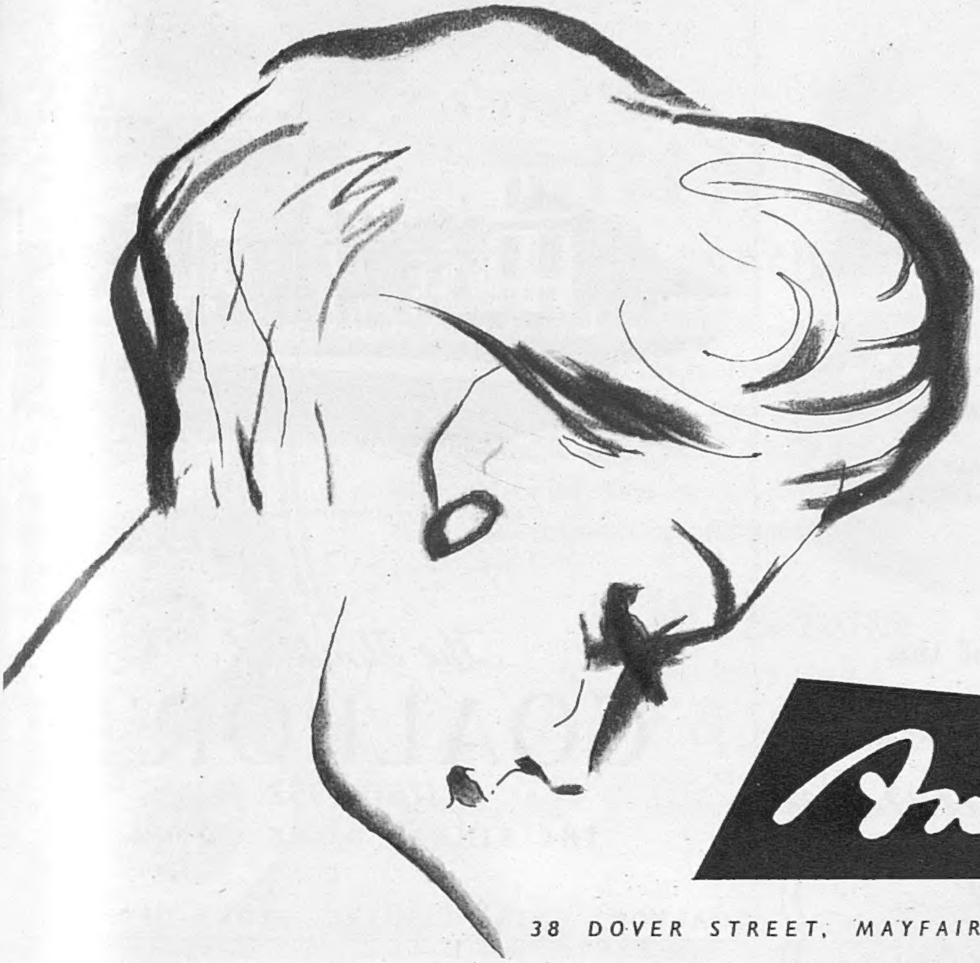

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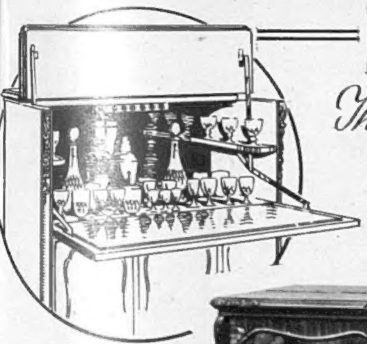

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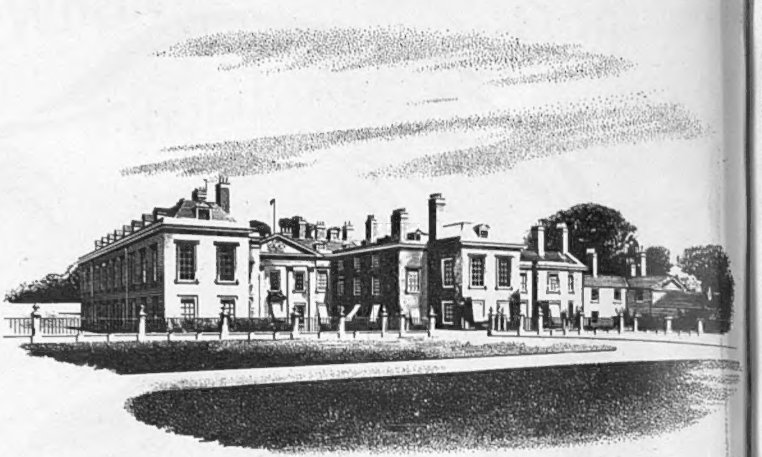

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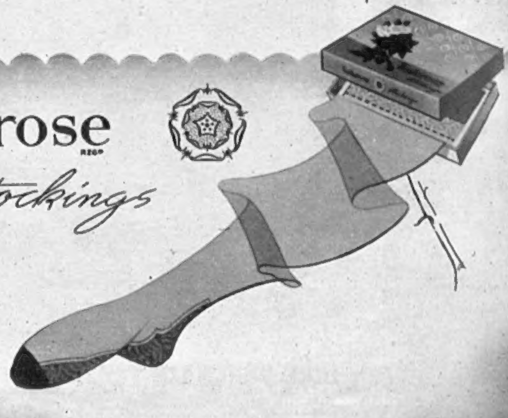

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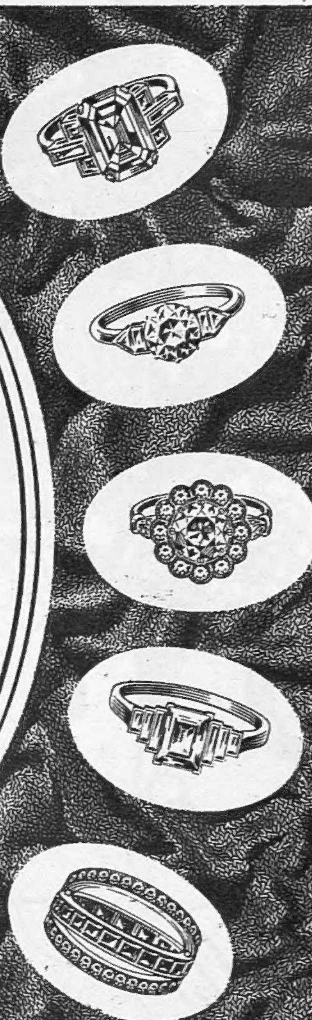

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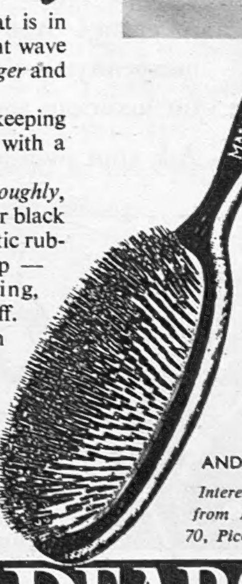

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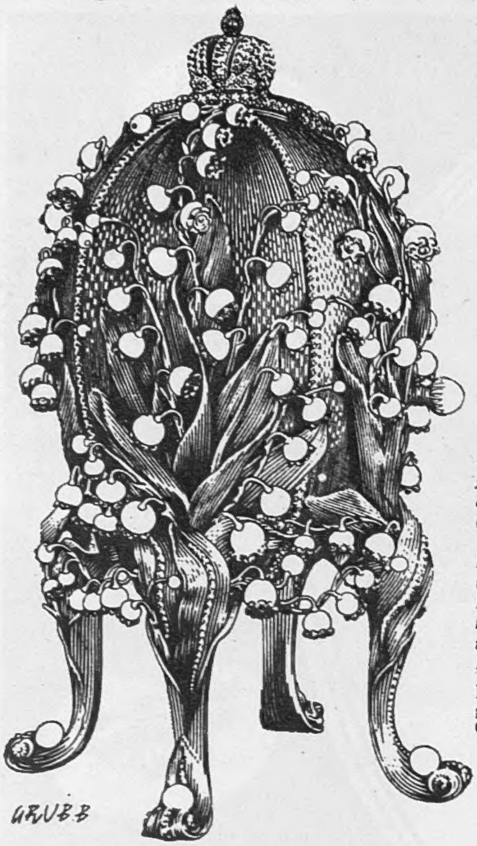

'Surprise' Easter Egg in green gold, pink enamel, pearls and diamonds, by Carl Fabergé (1846-1920) goldsmith to the Russian Imperial family. Presented by Nicholas II to his wife, Alexandra Feodorovna, Easter 1898, this Egg contains three miniature portraits which rise up from the interior of the Egg and open fanwise.

Drawing prepared with the guidance of Messrs. Wartski, Court Jewellers, London.

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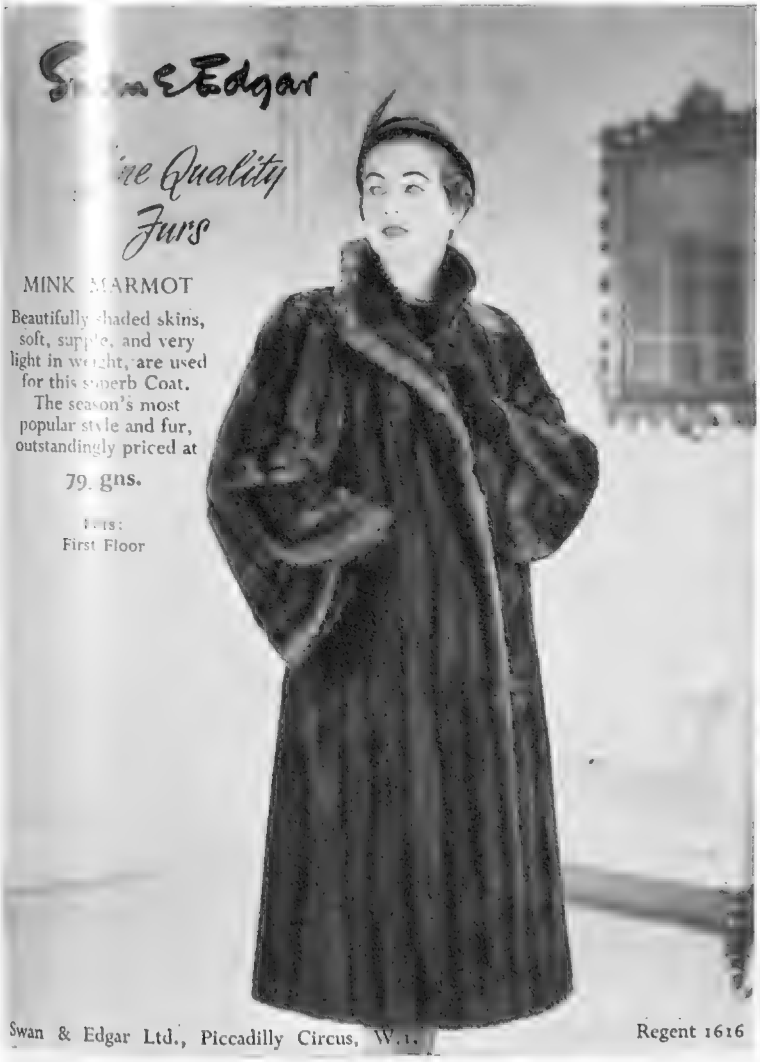
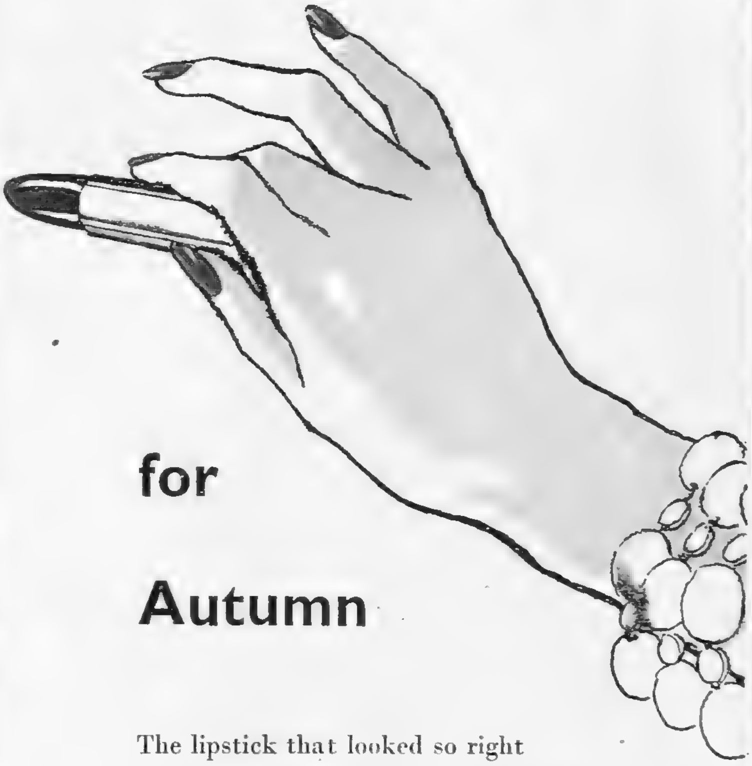


light up your lips



for Autumn

The lipstick that looked so right in summer is out of the picture with winter clothes. Choose one of the nine vibrant Yardley colours in tune with the new Autumn fashions, and see how much lovelier you look. Yardley lipstick is wonderful for keeping your lips dewy-soft and smooth. It stays perfect for hours without re-touching.

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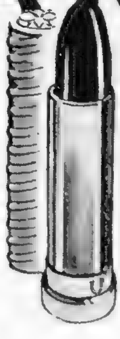

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The Sketch
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1952

Photographed by Studio Lisa.

BIRTHDAY OF A PRINCE

This enchanting picture of Her Majesty the Queen with her young son Prince Charles, Duke of Cornwall, was taken at Balmoral Castle a short time before the fourth birthday of the Prince last Friday (November 14).

Our Motley Notes

By Toby O'Brien

IT is all very well to have a Christmas Shopping Number for the vast majority of the readers of *The Sketch*, who are, of course, wise, far-sighted, sagacious, and who get their Christmas shopping done early. For the minority such as myself, however, it is liable to cause nothing but an inferiority complex. How I envy those who can say on Christmas Eve: "Oh! I got my Christmas shopping over weeks ago. You get so much better bargains if you do it early." Every year, as my household stirs into pre-Christmas activity, and parcels are wrapped up and hidden away privily—as the bad Simpkin hid the Tailor of Gloucester's single skein of cherry-coloured twist in the teapot—I promise myself that *this* year I, too, shall be numbered among the elect.

Every year I promise myself that this year I shall think up something more original for the children's grandparents than bath-salts for Grannie and a bottle of Scotch for Grandpa. In the same way, I promise myself that my eight nephews and nieces, three godchildren and one adopted godchild will receive something which will show how deeply interested Uncle Toby is in their individual desires and interests. Every year I promise myself that that important relative who lives a long way overseas shall receive a Christmas-card in good time.

I am, however, a pessimist about these matters, and I fear that this year, too, I shall be justified in my pessimism. Grannie is going to get her bath-salts, Grandpa his Scotch. There will be a last-minute search for new banknotes and postal orders for nephews, nieces and godchildren, and the overseas relative will receive a long and expensive cable which will probably arrive on Boxing Day. For I fear that I shall remain the *enfant terrible* of Post-masters-General, and for ever be counted among the minority of procrastinators, the putter-offers-till-the-last-minute.

PERHAPS my pessimism is coloured by a mild attack of phlebitis, which at the moment afflicts me. If a minor attack, such as this, can be so painful, acute and chronic phlebitis must be a real martyrdom. The great Lord Curzon suffered from it all his life. Indeed, Harold Nicolson, in that best of all sketches of Curzon which occurs in *Some People*—a treasured possession of twenty-five years which some brute of a book-borrower has ravished from me—recounts with amusement how, when he arrived at Lausanne after the Vevey Conversations, Lord Curzon entered the hotel preceded by Sir William Tyrrell, as he then was, carrying his green baize foot-rest. "*Tiens!*" exclaimed a French journalist. "*Le Trône de Baghdad!*"

Curzon, from the days of the "most superior person" limerick, was considered by many of his contemporaries, who were unaware of the constant load of the pain other than phlebitis from which he was never free throughout his life, as cold, aloof and unsympathetic. He was lucky, however, to have in Harold Nicolson a private secretary at the Foreign Office who in one short sketch could capture for the reader the real Curzon.

A little while ago I was asking Harold Nicolson for further light on the great Foreign Secretary, and he told me how on one occasion when they were going for a drive, Curzon turned to him and said: "Harold, why am I so unpopular?" This was perhaps not the easiest question for a very young man to answer when the questioner was somebody like Curzon. However, he plucked up his courage and replied: "Well, Sir, I think you wound people in their little vanities." Curzon indignantly denied this, and asked for an "example," using the short "a," which was characteristic of him and others of his generation who came from the north. Harold Nicolson gave him as an example the fact that he had sent for Sir George Clerk, at one time our ambassador in Paris, and kept him standing while he was writing out invitations to one of his Carlton House Terrace parties. After a long interval, he looked up and said: "Ah, my dear Clerk, the obligations of hospitality! I dare say even you entertain from time to time in your own small way." Curzon was horrified. "I did *not* say that!" he exclaimed. "I *can't* have said that!" Then he paused and shaking with his rich eighteenth-century laughter, he added: "Oh, dear! Perhaps I *did* say that!"

LORD NORWICH, who, as Mr. Duff Cooper, was Harold Nicolson's contemporary at the Foreign Office, has, I see, won in a canter a literary competition set by Mr. Randolph Churchill consisting of a sonnet on the theme of "Wordsworth's discovery that he was the father of an illegitimate child," and beginning with the mandatory line, "Byron, thou shouldst be living at this hour." This feat, I am told, he performed in twenty minutes at a writing desk in the smoking-room of his club. But then the versatility of Lord Norwich as a speaker, writer (his life of Talleyrand is, I think, one of the best biographies I have ever read), politician and diplomat is also legendary.

It is a pity that the art of writing light verse appears to be dying out. For speed, I suppose the poem about "the great Panjandrum with the little button on top" must beat all records, though it is run pretty close by Barham's successful winning of a bet that he could not find a rhyme to Mephistopheles within sixty seconds. This, which is incorporated in his "Lay of St. Cuthbert" in the Ingoldsby Legends, runs, if I remember, something like this:

> Here 's Lucifer lying blind drunk with brown ale,
> And Beelzebub tying huge knots in his tail.
> Here 's Setebos storming because Mephistopheles
> gave him the lie—
> Said he 'd blacken his eye—
> And dashed in his face a cup of hot coffee lees.

INTRODUCING "BUSHY"

The most happy light pen that I know of at the moment is that of Mr. W. Bridges-Adams, who for many years before the war ran the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford, and was afterwards head of the Drama Department of the British Council. "Bridges" now lives in the west of Ireland, but from time to time he sends me some delightful piece which I hope will one day see the light of day. His wicked little poem about Professor Joad, written at the height of that gentleman's popularity on the Brains Trust, and his "Civil Servant to his wife while shaving" are, I think, his gems. He makes the Civil Servant say to his wife, *inter alia:*

> Edward at Pembroke will not get his Blue,
> Joan at St. Hugh's will clock a lenient third,
> What shall we find the horrid pair to do
> That will not be uncalled for or absurd?
>
> Edward, B.A., games master at The Gables,
> Willing but costive, spotty, not too clean,
> Joan taking notes at rich men's office tables,
> Leaving moist handkerchiefs where she has been.

However, as I say, perhaps one day Bridges will be induced to allow them all to be published—which will save me so much time in having copies made for the benefit of our mutual friends!

IN my recent note I mentioned an amusingly banal school song which had been sent to me by a lady who signed herself in brackets Mrs. Gerald Moore.

As I had been unable to get in touch with her I jumped to the conclusion that she was Mrs. Gerald Moore, the wife of the famous accompanist.

This Mrs. Gerald Moore, however, who lives at 89, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7, has written to me "horrified" at having misled me by her habit of "writing Mrs. Gerald Moore after my illegible signature." Her husband, so far from being the great accompanist, is a naval officer, who "hardly knows the port from the starboard side of a piano."

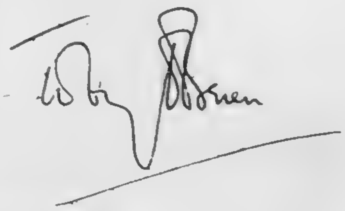
To the Mrs. Gerald Moore, the wife of the accompanist, I can only express my regret for any annoyance this unwitting mistake in identity has caused, and tender my apologies that such a mistake ever arose.

THERE cannot, I am sure, have been any deliberate intention in the fact that Foyles just missed Hallowe'en in their choice of a day for their Luncheon at the Dorchester in honour of that distinguished group of ladies, the "authors of romantic fiction." For me the occasion marked one more ambition satisfied, for I had never yet met one of these specialists in the heart-throb, the happy ending, and the Extremely Delicate Situation. The Foyles had dealt us a royal flush—hearts, perhaps, or diamonds?—and here they all were: Denise Robins, Ruby M. Ayres, Ursula Bloom, Berta Ruck, Barbara Cartland, and many others, with Godfrey Winn as chairman to introduce them. Miss Christina Foyle told me that they were all serious writers, who believed in their art—otherwise, she said, they could not succeed. I can well believe it, because I once attempted to write a girls' school story in the style of Angela Brazil. It was a dismal failure!

Far more awe-inspiring than these romantic ladies was my right-hand neighbour—a dog called *Black Knight*. He was sitting on Lady Munnings' knee, in so composed a manner that I was unaware of his presence until we were eating our turkey. *Black Knight* is probably the only Pekingese who has ever been admitted a liveryman of the City of London. He receives personal commands to Ascot and to Buckingham Palace, and invitations to the theatre from Dame Sybil Thorndike. *Black Knight's* manner, as befits a dog-of-the-world, was affable and courteous, but I was made faintly aware that he was accustomed to company and conversation of a very different level from anything which I was likely to provide. However, Lady Munnings soon put me at my ease.

THE WEIGHING MACHINE: By Edward Ardizzone.
To be seen at the Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street. The exhibition remains open until December 3.

I WAS delighted to be present at the party given for my friend and neighbour Maurice Buckmaster, to launch his book, *Specially Employed.* What a galaxy of quiet gallantry there was present! I was amused to see Pat Hornsby-Smith, now for all practical purposes the Assistant Minister of Health, all dressed up to go to Winston's "Eve of Parliament" dinner-party. For her wartime chief, Lord Selborne, was one of the fathers of S.O.E., which, under Colonel Buckmaster's operational control, did so well in the western occupied countries, but which, operating from Cairo, failed to atone by gallantry for the appalling political inexperience of so many of its agents in the Balkans—inexperience which probably accounts for the fact that so much of south-eastern Europe is now behind the Iron Curtain.



By HARGRAVE

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, with authentic witches' hats on each side of her. Mr. John Lowther (*left*) is buying a balloon from Miss Anne Abel-Smith, granddaughter of the Countess of Athlone ; the other witch is Mrs. Hugh Kitchin.

Deep in the throes of discussion : *l. to r.*, Mr. Peregrine Fellowes, Mr. P. M. Ansdell and Miss Gillian Capel-Slaughter.

WITCHES' NIGHT AT THE DORCHESTER

On the left is Lady May Abel-Smith, who was chairman of the ball, with the Earl of Athlone and Miss Merida Gascoigne. Many famous firms gave prizes for the tombola and lucky programmes.

Broomsticks from blasted heaths converged on Mayfair for the Hallowe'en Ball at the Dorchester in aid of the National Children Adoption Society. The president, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, was there ; also many other members of the distinguished committee. Many treats were laid on—a cabaret provided by clever Jo, Jac and Joni ; a Tombola ; lucky (prize-winning) programmes ; dinner at nine, square dances "called" by Mr. Wally Goodman ; and Bill Savill and his band.

Photographed by Swaebe.

The Hon. Juliet Weld-Forester and Lord Hyde look sane and happy ; the lurid Hallowe'en spectres of tradition were no more than an indulgent memory on this jolly evening.

The charming eighteen-year-old Princess Margaretha of Sweden is here with Mr. Paul Cantlie.

Photographed by Jane Haydon.

NEXT WEEK'S WEDDING

The marriage of a peer to an Earl's daughter is always of interest ; on November 26 Captain Viscount Melgund, Scots Guards, is to marry the Lady Caroline Child-Villiers at St. James's, Spanish Place. A debutante of this year, and one of the very prettiest, she is the elder daughter of the Earl of Jersey.

The professional bridesmaids are a great feature of *Ruddigore*, and here they cluster in all their beaming innocence around brave Richard Dauntless, played by Leonard Osborn.

Sir Despard Murgatroyd, a real Gilbert and Sullivan *skunk*, played by Mr. Fisher Morgan.

Dear Mad Margaret (Joyce Wright), in her best black, is here going through the turmoil of Act II.

SCENES FROM

THERE is something almost arch about this daring Gilbert and Sullivan title ; the clever pair, contemporaries of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll, endlessly *epated les bourgeois* and were among the most successful fun-makers of their predominantly stodgy generation. There were no geographical boundaries for their jokes and they somehow managed to imply that the whole world was really South Kensington ;

Specially photographed for "The

Mad Margaret (Joyce Wright) manages to look really splendidly round the bend as she refuses to be soothed by Shirley Hall as Rose Maybud.

Sir Despard shares a moment of suspense and anticipation with Mad Margaret, who must indeed have been a great trial.

The professional bridesmaids, always ready for anything, are here at their slickest, merrily hornpiping with Leonard Osborn as Richard Dauntless, the pin-up boy of them all.

Rose Maybud (Shirley Hall) at the moment of a gay little encounter.

Here is Mr. Darrell Fancourt, as Sir Roderic Murgatroyd, declaiming splendidly in the second act.

The professional bridesmaids, professionally meek, submit to the exhortations of Dame Hannah, played, in this D'Oyly Carte production, by Miss Ann Drummond-Grant.

"RUDDIGORE"

their satire undoubtedly stemmed from that marshy region, still the birthplace of amateur bridesmaids. *Ruddigore* is now being toured by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which opened at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle, on Monday of this week and goes from there to the Grand Theatre, Leeds. Their post-Christmas appearance will be on the magnificent stage of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

KETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Margaret's madness takes a merry turn as she prances with Robin Oakapple (Peter Pratt) watched by Sir Despard Murgatroyd, flamboyantly attired.

Poor Robin Oakapple is inconsequently beset by a chorus of ancestors; wigs and funny hats have been sought for high and low and, in the background, looms again Sir Despard Murgatroyd.

Richard Dauntless and Rose Maybud pursue their own ends on the right while those endless bridesmaids, in a whole lot of new dresses, fawn on Robin Oakapple (Peter Pratt).

An important encounter between Richard Dauntless and Robin Oakapple, gaily played up to by those sturdy old hack bridesmaids for whom no symbolical social hoop is too difficult.

OUR BOOKSHELF

THESE ARE FOR THE CHILDREN

by RUPERT CROFT-COOKE

LET me begin this survey of Christmas gift publications with three books of quite unusual quality. Mr. Graham Greene has followed up his memorable *The Little Fire Engine* with an equally gay and inconsequent story, *The Little Horse Bus* (Parrish; 8s. 6d.), with gorgeous illustrations by Dorothy Craigie. Cynon Beaton-Jones produces a welcome sequel to *The Adventures of So Hi* called *So Hi and the White Horse of Fu* (Barrie; 8s. 6d.), and B.B. in *The Wind in the Wood* (Hollis and Carter; 18s.) does something very delightful—brings to life the great writers of children's books of the past who tell stories to two children Peter and Joanna. This forms, if you like, an anthology of fine tales, Kenneth Grahame's "The Reluctant Dragon," Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Feathertop," the Grimm Brothers' "Jorinda and Joringel," and so on, but the whole is blended to a consecutive narrative, and the coloured plates by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford are in the Arthur Rackham tradition and quite lovely.

Is authenticity important in a children's book? More than anywhere else, I think, for children reverence the printed word. It is a pity, then, that Miss Kathleen Mackenzie did not find out something about gypsies and their living-waggons before making a number of bloomers in *Magpie and Miss Winter* (Collins; 8s. 6d.). That one of our favourite children's books of the past, *Uncle Remus*, was written in American Negro dialect is recalled in *One-Dog Man*, by Ahmad Kamal (Falcon Press; 12s. 6d.), which is a modern American story.

The children's adventure stories this year are so numerous and of such a very high standard that there is space to do little more than name them. *We Never Knew Uncle*, by Linda Boscawen (Collins; 8s. 6d.); *Prince Among Ponies*, by Josephine Pullein-Thompson (Collins; 8s. 6d.); *The Buckinghams at Ravenswyke*, by Malcom Saville (Evans; 8s. 6d.); *Spread Eagle*, by Aubrey Feist (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), an adventure story specifically for boys; *Beginner's Luck*, by Oriel Malet (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.), a novel, and really a novel, for teenagers; *Under the Mountain*, by Katherine Oldmeadow (Cassell; 7s. 6d.), about children's adventures in Switzerland; *Jill Has Two Ponies*, by Ruby Ferguson (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), a new story in the pleasant and popular "Jill" series; *The Wishing Well Adventure*, by Freda C. Bond (Newnes; 7s. 6d.); *Ray of the Rainbows*, by Mortimer Batten (Hollis and Carter; 16s.); *The Green Sailors on Holiday*, by Gilbert Hackforth-Jones (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.), a sequel to an earlier book of sailing adventures by the four Green children in their boat "The Rag Doll"; *The Boys from Sharon*, by Louise Field Cooper (Bodley Head; 11s. 6d.); *Grey Chieftain*, by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), the story of a German police dog's rise to film stardom—all these are good stories well told and reliable Christmas presents for children in their teens. A little more conventional, perhaps, are *The School on Cloud Ridge*, by Mabel Esther Allan (Hutchinson; 6s.), and *The Goose Green Mill Mystery*, by Nora Mylrea (Hutchinson; 6s.).

For rather younger children but still adventure-story readers there are three very warm recommendations. *The Children's Summer*, by Sheila Kaye-Smith (Cassell; 9s. 6d.), a much-awaited reprint; *Down on the Farm*, by Syd Carter (Faber; 12s. 6d.), and *John's Journey*, by Amelia Gay (Hodder and Stoughton; 9s. 6d.). A book for children of the same age, *Tai-Lu Talking*, by Shelagh Fraser and Billy Thatcher (Heinemann; 6s.), is marred by that common blunder, a failure to distinguish between the fairground and the circus.

Four reference books, if I may use so dusty a term for lively and up-to-date collections, are *Games for Grown-ups and Others*, by Marguerite Kohl and Frederica Young (Faber; 12s. 6d.), which contains all the newest and oldest guessing games, treasure hunts, active and quiet amusements for parties, and so on; *The Phœnix Dictionary of Games*, by J. B. Pick (Phœnix House; 15s.), which gives information on 458 indoor and outdoor games, but slips up badly on Darts; *The Schoolgirl's Pocket Book* (Evans; 5s.), a remarkable crown's-worth of information, and *Ballet for Boys and Girls*, by Hugh Fisher (English Universities Press; 7s. 6d.), a "Junior Teach Yourself" handbook with many good photographs.

Books for the youngest children are far more difficult to choose and even parents make grim and tragic mistakes, often by selecting something which seems particularly happy and colourful to them but gets a chilly reception in the nursery. But here are some which have passed the acid test of examination with interest by children of the age for which they are intended. *The Helen Haywood Christmas Book* (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), which is full of coloured pictures; *Hare and the Easter Eggs*, by Alison Uttley (Collins; 4s.), and *Fish Knight and Sea Maiden*, by Frances Dale (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.), which is rightly called a children's romance. In the House-That-Jack-Built, Ten-Little-Nigger-Boys repetitive tradition and beautifully done is *The Story of Horace*, by Alice M. Coats (Faber; 7s. 6d.); I can promise that grown-ups will enjoy reading this aloud and I cannot imagine a child who will not be excited, perhaps too excited, by its mounting to a foreseeable climax. *Nellie Come Home*, by Rowland Emett (Faber; 12s. 6d.), tells in words and pictures how one of this artist's oldest and most remarkable railway engines leaves its usual run. *Highland Bumble*, by Magdalen Eldon (Collins; 7s. 6d.), is a gaily illustrated story about a Peke in a kilt and a family of field mice and a dragon called Wellington Bootes. The largest book of all, in area if not in thickness, is a happy new Babar story by Laurent de Brunhoff, *Babar's Visit to Bird Island* (Methuen; 15s.), an almost certain favourite among the very small.

Seasonable if not strictly speaking children's books are two good anthologies, *The Riches of Christmas*, edited by Hannen Foss (Blandford Press; 15s.), and *The Humour of Dickens*, chosen by R. J. Cruikshank (News Chronicle; 3s. 6d.). In the latter, scenes are illustrated by humorous artists of to-day, Giles, Illingworth, Searle, and so on. This is an excellent idea, and the price, scarcely higher than that of some Christmas cards, suggests that the book might be widely used to carry greetings.

A Book of the Century

PAUL GALLICO,
author of "Snowflake."

THERE is one publication this year which seems to me to stand out not only from the season's children's books but—I am measuring my words—from the century's, one which I think may be bound for that small company of such books which delight more generations than their own. It is *Snowflake*, by Paul Gallico (Michael Joseph; 5s.). I shall convey little of its magic when I say that this is the life-story of a snowflake from her birth "in the heart of a grey cloud" to the moment in which the sun drew her back to the clouds and she knew that "the final mystery of Who it was had created her, watched over her and loved her steadfastly as He loved all things both great and small might never be solved for her. It no longer seemed important to her to know, for soon, Whoever or Whatever, she would be a part of Him." The story is told with filigree delicacy and freshness. It has something far more than charm, something endearing and beautiful which will make it an influence as well as a delight.

ENGLISH TRADITIONS RAMPANT

Edward Seago, Painter in the English Tradition (Collins; £4 4s.), is published this week; his latest one-man exhibition at the Carnegie Galleries opens to-day. *Above* we surprise him on a favourite beach surrounded by young admirers very much in the English tradition and all set to chuck pebbles into the sea should their unenlightened interest in the master flag. In the picture *on the right* he is busy on his portrait of Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; the small photograph *above* catches him in a moment of leisure with rugged dog and pipe.

Mr. Seago is one of our most distinguished and versatile painters; since his first one-man exhibition in London in 1933 he has had many others both here and in a number of big cities; he has also written lots of interesting books.

Occasions From

OCT. 28.—Gorgeous fun for a boy; the young Duke of Kent, who visited the Far East with his mother, is here enjoying a crack at driving a Comet tank in Hong Kong, where he stayed on for a few days after his mother left for Singapore.

OCT. 30.—Princess Margaret, in a splendidly encrusted satin dress and equipped with a very pretty bouquet, arrived at Selfridge's for the ball in aid of the Marylebone Housing Association. A swathe of young ladies curtsy to the dazzling young Princess as she passes through their ranks on her way to the gay and successful function.

OCT. 30.—Princess Margaret at the wedding of Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland and Miss Jeryl Gurdon at St. Margaret's; with her is the bridegroom's mother.

OCT. 31.—The Duke of Edinburgh, well over-coated, braved our own Wild West (Devon and Cornwall) on a three-day tour of his son's Duchy. Here he is opening the new tennis courts at the Recreation Ground at Porthleven.

NOV. 1.—At Biggin Hill, the famous R.A.F. station of wartime history, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother inspected the cockpit of a Gloster Meteor aircraft when visiting this R.A.F. station with the Prime Minister.

NOV. 3.—The Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh arriving at the Palladium for the Royal Command Variety Show. With his back to the camera is Prince Littler.

NOV. 4.—This Opening of Parliament was the first in the reign of our new young Queen. A breathless hush and worse-than-usual traffic jams infested London in the morning: here is the peak moment when our Monarch, escorted by her husband, the Duke of Edinburgh, walked through the Royal Gallery of the House of Lords. This photograph is the first ever to have been taken of a State Opening of Parliament within the Palace of Westminster.

the Royal Diary

NOV. 4.—Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother went to the "International Kitchen" at the Festival Hall, and watched national dishes being prepared. She is here with Mme. Subandrio, wife of the Indonesian Ambassador.

NOV. 4.—The Duchess of Gloucester visited a "Fashion in the Home" exhibition staged by the Irish Linen Guild at the Dorchester and rather admired this "birds in a cage" decoration.

NOV. 6.—The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, to-day laid the foundation-stone of Lloyd's new building in Lime Street. The Lutine Bell was struck twice—the signal for a special announcement of good news.

NOV. 7.—Princess Margaret attended the Annual General Meeting of the Victoria League Young Contingent, of which she is the President, at 38, Chesham Place. Our photograph shows the Princess with the Chairman, Mr. Chadwyck-Healey.

NOV. 8.—The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret all went to the British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Albert Hall, where they received a mighty ovation from the veterans of two wars.

NOV. 9.—An impressive moment in Whitehall: the Queen lays her personal wreath on the Cenotaph at the Official Remembrance Day Ceremony.

NOV. 11.—The Duke of Edinburgh visited Raleigh Industries, Nottingham, to open an extension to the Company's factory with a silver key shaped like a polo stick. He was particularly interested in this tube-making mill.

NOV. 12.—The Queen and Princess Margaret attended a dress show given by the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers at Claridges and called in at the mannequins' dressing-room after the show.

PRIVATE VIEW TO-DAY

WENDY HILLER, by T. C. Dugdale, R.A.

QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER, by Maurice Codner.

LESLIE HENSON AS MR. PEPYS, by Maurice Codner.

THE HON. MRS. WILLIAM DOUGLAS HOME, by Anthony Devas.

The fifty-ninth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters opens to-morrow (November 20) at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly, and will remain open until December 24. Mr. Augustus John is president, and most of our successful portrait painters are represented.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

NOV. 4.—Lt.-Col. and Mrs. John Chandos-Pole had a very big cocktail party at 6, Stanhope Gate. They were married from Ingestre, the home of the bride's brother-in-law and sister, in August, and this large cocktail party was a kind of wedding reception. Little back-of-the-head hats—is "Juliet" the word?—were the most popular among the women guests; the hostess wore a much prettier, cone-shaped affair, rising in tiers to the back of her head. Her elder daughter by her first marriage, Miss Venetia Heber-Percy, was there; Lady Shrewsbury, in a lovely bird-of-Paradise hat, was with Lord Shrewsbury; among others enjoying the fun and champagne cocktails were Lord and Lady Strathedén, Lord de L'Isle and Dudley, Capt. Charles d'Anyers Willis, Col. and Mrs. John Vigor, Lord and Lady Brocket, Gen. Gerry Fielden, Commander Drage, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Parker, parents of one of the "debs of the year"; Lord and Lady St. Aldwyn and Sir John Child.

Later there was a dinner-dance at Oddenino's, where gay Miss Julie Wilson was laughing off the new hair-cut she has had to undergo before taking over Miss Mary Martin's part in *South Pacific*, which involves that nightly washing of "that man right outa my hair." This was the first night of Tom Jenkins' solo cabaret season at Oddenino's and the leader of the radio Palm Court orchestra had a great reception. Among others dining on this occasion were Miss Joan Dowling, Miss Peggy Cummins, the Irish film actress, Mr. Eamonn Andrews, Mr. John Gregson, Mr. Harry Fowler, Mantovani, Mr. John Hewitt and Mr. Bill O'Bryen.

NOV. 5.—Princess Vladimir Galitzine was At Home at the Dorchester to discuss arrangements for the "Elizabeth to Elizabeth" Exhibition, which is to be at Hutchinson House, Stratford Place, between November 24 and December 15. Five hundred years of history will be outlined; the 2s. admission goes to the National Playing Fields Association. Chairman of the All Arts Committee is Mme. D. R. Vallender; vice-chairmen Lady Huggins and Professor Denis Saurat; Lord Luke is vice-president, Lt.-Col. [illegible] M. Wilcockson, hon. treasurer, Princess Galitzine hon. appeal secretary, and Lady Beddoe-Rees, appeal organiser; there are many distinguished patrons, members of the Advisory Panel and Committee all striving to produce something of great interest.

On the same day there was an Autumn Fair at 6, Stanhope Gate in aid of Great Britain to Korea and Malaya Fund, and the parcels for British prisoners of war in the Far East—men who should certainly not be forgotten. Miss Christine Knowles is founder and chairman of the fund.

OCT. 29.—GAY COCKTAIL PARTY. At Fortnum and Mason, *left*, encrusted with pretty jewels, is Lady Dufferin and Ava with her elder daughter, Lady Caroline Blackwood. *Right:* Mrs. Ghislaine Alexander with the Duke of Marlborough.

OCT. 29.—AT THE SAME PARTY. *Left, l. to r.:* are Lord Kilmarnock, Mrs. Anthony Acton, Mr. Ogilvie Grant and Miss Rosemary Kerr, daughter of the late Admiral Mark Kerr; *Right, l. to r:* Lady Adair, Mrs. E. M. Fitzgerald and Mr. Peter Thursby.

OCT. 30.—AUTUMN WEDDING. Mr. Charles Smith-Ryland leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, with his bride, the former Miss Jeryl Gurdon. The bride's veil was held in place with a diamond tiara which belonged to her grandmother, the late Viscountess Cowdray.

OCT. 31.—AT CIRO'S. Members of the "Kingston Vic" group of doctors held a dinner and dance to aid their efforts to establish a voluntary general practitioner hospital outside the Health Scheme. *L. to r.*, Dr. Duncan (Hon. Sec.), Dr. A. French, Mrs. Lake, wife of the chairman, and Brigadier N. Skentelbery, vice-chairman.

NOV. 1.—WEDDING GROUP. Mr. Vernon Gordon-Lennox Stratton married Miss Penelope Lowles at St. Michael and All Angels, Sunninghill. *L. to r.*, Miss Jill Morres, Lady Mary Stuart-Wortley, the bride and bridegroom, and Miss Pat Rose; *in front*, Nicola and Richenda de Winterstein Gillespie and Robert Widdows.

NOV. 1.—THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY DRAG. Joint Masters of this hunt are Mr. D. J. Faulkner (left) and Lord Crawshaw. The meet was at Tilbury Farm, Botley, Oxford.

NOV. 3.—CHRISTENING. Major Tufton Beamish, M.P. for Lewes, and his wife after the christening of their daughter Claudia Hamilton in the Crypt of the House of Commons.

Notes and Pictures from Our Social Diary

NOV. 5.—Mr. Felix Hope Nicholson was looking forward to the visit of his sister, Mrs. Jean Hugo—the first to this country in three years. She has lately had an interesting time in Russia, having been invited by the Government for their celebrations of the 150th anniversary of the birth of Victor Hugo, her husband's grandfather. It will be the second visit to this country of their elder child, Charles; a lively young man whose godparents are Marie Bell, Georges Auric and Princess Romanovsky-Pavlovsky. Picasso, a great friend of the family who often stays at their home, Mas Fourques, in the Dordogne, has made the child some jolly toys, including a dove and a bull—the bull, of course, is favourite.

Later there was another of those old-fashioned parties which seem to be cropping up so much now—everyone dressed as hateful *kiddies* this time, just like in the daring 1920's. A rocket discharged through the letter-box on arrival set the tone of a wild evening given by Baroness von Veiel to celebrate a short visit to London; the sophisticated children of between seventeen and seventy wore short dresses and rompers. The Baroness kept a genial watch over a large room got up to represent a padded cell and filled with these laughing boys and girls playing ring-a-ring-a-roses among a sizzle of fireworks. A joint prize was won by Mr. Peter Davidson and Miss Carolyn Calburn, a debutante of this year; others by Mrs. Betty Clarke for being so confusingly disguised as a champagne bottle; and Mr. John Vacher, who was more conventionally got up as a little pig. Miss Poppy Cohen, the American heiress, was one of the lives and souls of the party; climaxes of the evening were provided by Mr. Nigel Broackes, who jumped out of a first-floor window in a game of "forfeits" and only lay unconscious on the pavement for a few moments before rejoining the fun; and Mr. Rowan Hutchinson who, covered in flares, was set fire to as a "Guy" in the road.

NOV. 6.—This was the second day of the very successful annual Christmas Fair in aid of the Y.W.C.A. at the Hyde Park Hotel. Mary Duchess of Devonshire was president, and Mrs. Thomas Brand chairman; the Fair was opened on the first day by Mrs. Walter Gifford, and on the second by Miss Lynn Fontanne. Lady Fortescue, president of the Y.W.C.A. was there; also Lady Priscilla Aird, president of the Southern Division of the Association. Contributions to the twenty-two stalls came literally from the four corners of the world; Service women

NOV. 5.—AT THE LIAISON CLUB BIRTHDAY PARTY. *Left, l. to r.*, Mrs. Oswald Bertram, Mr. Charles Andrews and Mrs. Andrews. *Right:* Mr. Oswald Bertram, chairman of the Distillers' Company of Great Britain, and Mrs. E. Gasking were also there for the occasion of this club's gay party to celebrate its 13th anniversary.

supplied delightful toys and dolls, many of which they had made themselves; ivories, carved wood, Indian filigree silver and objects of every kind were well worth buying in aid of a good cause.

In the evening pretty girls were looking their best in top-hats; it is surprising that there has never been a fashion for them. They were worn by art student raffle-ticket sellers at the London Group supper party at the New Burlington Galleries, where the Group's annual exhibition is to be seen. One of the prettiest in the topper troupe was Elizabeth Frick, a sculptress of twenty-one, whose *Christ at the Column* is of special interest at the exhibition. Ages in the group rocket up to the seventy-three of Matthew Smith, who shows *Reclining Nude*, huge and lovely. He is a founder member and great encourager of the young, which is an object of the group.

A few among the 200 or 300 guests at the party were Sir John and Lady Rothenstein, the Messrs. Philip James, Carel Weight, Julian Trevelyan, John Minton, Ceri Richards and, two more members since the foundation in 1913, Mr. David Bomberg and Mr. Duncan Grant; also Miss Gertrude Hermes and the president, Mr. Claude Rogers.

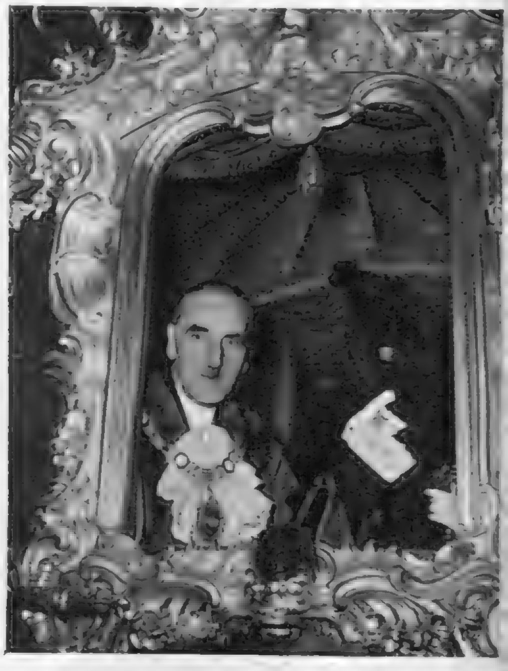
NOV. 7.—The Arabian Nights ball at 45, Park Lane was a picturesque party for a deserving cause—the Holy Land Arab Refugee Fund's appeal for starving children of the Holy Land and the Anglo-Arab Association's house for Arab students in London. Pretty young programme and raffle-ticket sellers were gaily got up as the Forty Thieves, to whom everyone dished out quite willingly. There were lots of treats for the guests, including a midnight dress parade by the first Australian dress designers to show in the U.K. and lots of amusing stall and side-shows. Lady Dudley Gordon was chairman of the committee, and Mrs. Ronald Bowes-Lyon vice-chairman; among others on the committee were Princess Musrah Haidar, Miss Lulie Abulhuda, Mrs. Eveleigh Nash, and Dorina Lady Neave. A long list of ambassadors were among the patrons; also the Lords Dalkeith, Norbury, Latymer and Birdwood, and the Ladies Ranfurly and Ruthven.

NOV. 10.—Just back from Sweden, where they were married last month, were Mr. and Mrs. Ian Lubbock; she was Mrs. Gunvor Callisen, the Swedish pianist, and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harald Kirsebom of Viken. The bridegroom's mother is the famous pianist Irene Scharrer; she went over for the wedding and from Oslo broadcast a recital of Chopin's Sonata in B Minor. Ian Lubbock, whose father is Mr. S. G. Lubbock—his house at Eton was particularly famous—is performing in *The Eustace Diamonds*, the new radio serial based on Trollope's famous old novel.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother has presented a twenty-four-piece china coffee service for sale at the Christmas Fair at the Park Lane Hotel on December 8. The Fair is in aid of the Greater London Fund for the Blind, of which Her Majesty is patron.

NOV. 6 and 7.—OPENING MEETS. *Left:* Captain R. Wallace, the new Master of the Heythrop, at the opening meet in Heythrop village. *Right*, next day, Lord Bathurst (*standing*) is with his Joint-Master, Brigadier Selby Lowndes, at the opening meet of Earl Bathurst's V.W.H. at Bibury Court, the home of Lady Clarke at Bibury, Gloucestershire.

NOV. 10.—HONEYMOON IN THE SUN. Lord and Lady Ogilvy are enjoying blissful Miami. She was Miss Virginia Ryan before their marriage on October 23; he is heir to Lord Airlie.



NOV. 10.—GILDED SPLENDOUR. In the fabulous, gilded Lord Mayor's coach Sir Rupert De la Bère, London's new Lord Mayor, bowled splendidly through the streets for the Lord Mayor's Show.

NOV. 10 and 11.—BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS FOR THE KING OF SWEDEN. *Left:* the Swedish Ambassador to London, Gunnar Hägglöf, gave a reception for 500 people in honour of King Gustav's seventieth birthday. The Ambassador is seen with Anna and Yvonne Rydbeck. *Right:* King Frederick of Denmark, in Stockholm for the birthday, is rehearsing with the Royal Orchestra, which he conducted at the Opera.

Notes and Pictures from Our Irish Social Diary

OCT. 31.—THE NINE ARTS BALL IN DUBLIN. On the *left* are Mr. Jan Prins and Miss Jenny Morton, who got first prize for originality of character and costume. *Right:* Miss Gay Goghlan-Kenney, of the Arts Club, was a dazzler in 1924 clothes.

OCT. 31.—BEFORE THE BALL WAS OVER. The Nine Arts Ball was at the Metropole; also there were, *left*, Mr. Leo Whelan, the painter, as a Dublin Zoo keeper with a toy tiger cub. *Right:* Mrs. Josephine O'Reilly as a Moore Street fruit-seller won the prize for the best original lady; with her is Baron Gabor Kende.

OCT. 31.—Last glimpses of Dublin as our holiday ended included the gaily-coloured houses reflected in the stagnant Liffey; the *Dolphin*, grandly Victorian, is the hotel nearest the dear old quays and abundantly patronised by truly Irish "racin, chasin' and huntin'" chaps—Olive Lady FitzWilliam and Mr. Paddy McCann stray names among them. The English converge, a little stuffily, upon the old historic *Shelbourne*, newly done up in red and grey; the *Russell* has cast a shell of antiquity and become *jolly* modern, exactly like an aquarium: it even includes a real aquarium, empty (when we were there) of fish, but full of weeds and bubbles. At Jammet's the Victorian clocks wheeze on and Joseph, international Maître d'Hotel, seeths gaily over the customers, who include, from time to time, Lady Londonderry, Prince Aly Khan, Richard and Hugh Stanley, brothers of Lord Derby, and Mr. Randolph Churchill. The restaurant was started by the chef of Lord Cadogan, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

NOV. 1.—Before making the Airport, we nipped round the Dublin National Gallery and were delighted by the only Joshua Reynolds caricatures we have seen—gorgeously graphic pictures of eighteenth-century Irish life; lords of the period splendidly mocked in delicately miniature oil paintings. Also lurking (straight) in the gallery were versions of Dean Swift (unexpectedly jolly) and his Stella (more than reasonably plain): also a Lely of Oliver Cromwell which is unusually austere for that painter.

The preternaturally gay staff of the Airport reached a delirious high in the slender "hostess" of our 'plane—there seems to be a quite unfounded assumption that people who fly are dreadfully afraid of the process and must be kept falsely gay. Usually they are just frightfully tired and wanting to get "some-place-else" as quickly as possible; blobs of cotton wool for the ears, etc., administered with breathless solicitude can even further exhaust exhausted travellers. Putting up with it very well was Lady Rosse.

NOV. 4.—The "Killing Kildares" opened the season with their centuries-old appointment at Johnstown Inn. The Master, Major Michael Beaumont, was at one time Master of the Bicester. Mrs. Beaumont, a sister of Sir Ernest Davis-Goff, was the only woman riding side-saddle, and looked very smart on her grey horse, *Webster*.

Scarlet coats gleamed through the heavy Irish rain; among people wearing them were Lieut.-Colonel Charles Clements, the hon. secretary of the Hunt, and his brother, Colonel Henry Clements; also Dr. Joseph Roantree, over fifty years a member, Brigadier Richard Critchley, Miss Betty O'Kelly and her cousin Mary, both regulars; Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Filmer-Sankey, up from County Limerick; Mr. Liam Cosgrave, who sits on the Opposition Front Bench in the Eire Parliament, and Mrs. Aubrey Brabazon, wife of the well-known steeplechase jockey, wearing the collar of the United Hunt Club.

BRIDGET CHETWYND.

OCT. 31.—MORE REVELLERS. *Left:* Mr. and Mrs. Basil De Las Casas at the Nine Arts Ball. She is the elder daughter of Mrs. Brinsley Plunket and came as a night-club photographer. *Right: l. to r.*, Don Riccardo Tomicelli, Miss Lizanne Musgrave and her brother, Mr. Richard Musgrave, son and heir of Sir Christopher Musgrave.

Norma summons the Assembly for the last time and bids them prepare the sacrificial pyre. She herself, as a priestess who has broken her vows, is to be the victim and Pollione, her treacherous Proconsul lover, begs to be allowed to share her fate.

A BRILLIANT SOPRANO

Bellini's *Norma* demands a soprano of more than usual prowess in the name-part or there can hardly be any justification in reviving it. Maria Meneghini Callas, singing in the first performance of this opera at Covent Garden since 1930, has more than justified the revival and added her name to the rather short list of celebrated Normas in the 120 years of this opera's life. Miss Callas can not only sing . . . she can act, and Norma, the High Priestess of the Druids who has broken her vows of chastity, dominates the stage with dramatic authority.

Of Grecian birth, Miss Callas's family early in her life emigrated to America, but she returned to Athens at the age of fourteen and it was then that she started singing.

There have already been four performances of *Norma*, but there still remains one last opportunity—to-morrow (November 20).

Photographed by Roger Wood.

Left: Maria Meneghini Callas as Norma in the revival of Bellini's opera at Covent Garden, hears the sacred shield summoning her to the temple.

Personalities at the East Down

Mr. John Pollock, all the way from Navan in County Meath, and Miss Priscilla Howard, a hunting visitor from Sandringham, are sitting out in the drawing-room at Mount Stewart.

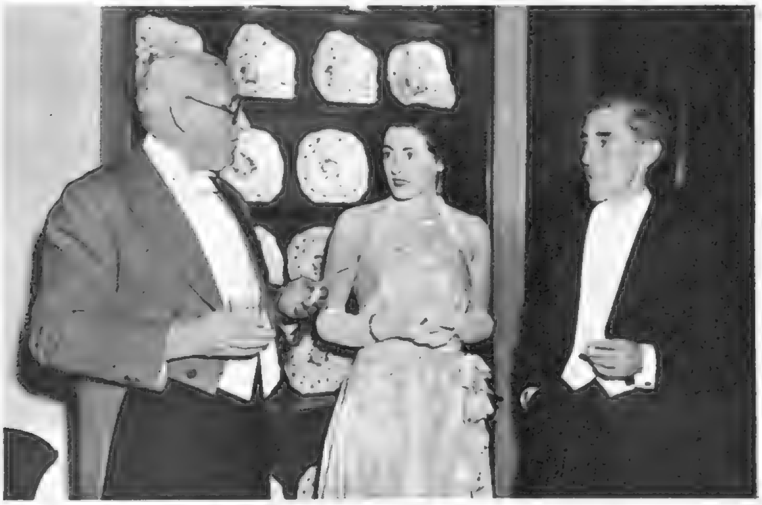
Viscountess Bury, wife of Viscount Bury, M.F.H., the joint-Master of the East Down, who hunts the pack, with Lieut.-Colonel Rowly Byers.

Edith, Marchioness of Londonderry
of Northern Ireland's leading r
Commander Kenneth Kirkpatr

Major J. P. Maxwell with the Hon. Mrs. Randal Plunkett, who came from Dunsany Castle with her husband, the son and heir of Lord Dunsany.

NOVEMBER is opening
for hunt balls to co
Friday, November 7, provi
when the East Down, the
Northern Ireland, had a
Mount Stewart, the love
president, Edith, Marchion
the ball she had a privat
and afterwards stood fo
people who had come fr
large house-parties.
The fine rooms, lovely pi
of Mount Stewart made a
mass of people, and ther
to sit out by. Viscounte
Marchioness and joint-M
and Commander Kenne
East Down, was wearing r
in a flowered dress.

Specially photographed for "TH



Mr. P. W. Stewart, the hard-working hon. secretary of the Hunt and Hunt ball, with his daughter and son-in-law, Dr. and Mrs. Richard S. Linehan.

Mrs. Kenneth Kirkpatrick, wife of one of the joint-Masters, with Colonel Neville Cairns, who is attached to the Army headquarters in Northern Ireland.

Hunt Ball at Mount Stewart

the chairman of the Hunt, is one
cehorse owners. She is with
ck, one of the joint-Masters.

eet time and it is unusual
cide with these fixtures.
ed a delightful exception,
nly pack of foxhounds in
very successful ball at
y home of the Hunt's
ss of Londonderry. Before
dinner-party of friends,
over an hour greeting
n miles around bringing

tures and grand furniture
splendid setting for the
were really warm fires
s Bury, daughter of the
aster, with her husband
h Kirkpatrick, of the
d ; Mrs. Kirkpatrick was

KETCH" by Charles C. Fennell.

Viscount Bury dancing with Miss Patricia Hornsby-Smith, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Health.

Colonel John Lawson, who hunts regularly with the East Down, and with the County Down Staghounds, dancing with Mrs. Alistair Stewart.

Miss Diana Kirkpatrick, daughter of Commander Kenneth Kirkpatrick, joint-Master, with Mr. Robin Ogilvy Graham. She goes out eagerly with her father's pack.

Lady Mary Leveson-Gower, daughter of the Earl and Countess Granville, and a cousin of the Queen, with Flight-Lieut. Gordon Fell. Earl Granville is the Governor of Northern Ireland.

Captain Alistair Stewart, of Kilbride, County Wicklow, with Sir Anthony Clark, well-known racehorse owner and former Master of the County Down Staghounds, and Lady Clark.

★ AT THE THEATRE ★

with J. C. TREWIN

Wild Horses

(Aldwych)

YOU might say that this farce is a racket about a racket. I shall not stop you from saying it, because it is a fairly normal description of goings-on at the Aldwych—and when I write the name of the theatre I mean the Aldwych as it was, and as, apparently, it now is again: a theatre safe in the hearts of London playgoers as the home of farce: a theatre that has given a name to its own brand of entertainment, just as our grandfathers talked of "Gaiety burlesque."

We have waited for this restoration at the Aldwych; for the names of Travers, Lynn and Hare to reappear upon its programme. Yet, in our frankest moments, we never thought it would happen. The Aldwych Farces of stage record seemed, in the memory, to be a happy summer cloud far away. Since then we have met all manner of things at the theatre. I can remember, offhand, a *Macbeth*, a Tchehov revival, and a thoroughly alarming modern opera. An Aldwych night had long ceased to be a night under a crooked moon with everyone going to sea in a sieve. Mercifully now, we are back to the old days and the old ways. If you argue that the action of this farce is set in and around Knightsbridge, I can assure you that it is as good a place from which to push out a sieve as any other.

It may be, of course, that at the première we were dazzled by our surroundings. Sentimental tears blurred the eye. Otherwise we could have held that the first act was not fully up to standard, that it lacked the old Aldwych snap, and that Robertson Hare appeared to be a long time in finding himself. He was booming indeed, but (so we could have murmured to ourselves traitorously) booming off the note. However, this was Aldwych farce again. Nobody would dare to complain too much. And in any event, by the end of the second act sentimental tears had turned to tears of laughter. All 's well there; but strangers should be ready for a little early gloom, for a slow warming-up. If it is realised that the first half-hour is merely preparation, and that the wild horses do not go genuinely wild until after eight-fifteen, there can be no reason for grief.

I do not propose to tell the story of the farce. Nobody has related the plot of a Ben Travers farce and kept his senses. This spins into an exercise in gibbering. I will observe merely that almost everyone seems to have been to Wormwood Scrubs; and, further, that there is a valuable picture of two horses that everyone wants and that is sold and resold and sold again, for no other purpose than to keep the farce in constant motion, and Hare and Lynn gyrating, as it were, on a revolving stage. Travers has always written for the ear. Many farceurs make the mistake of hammering out literary jokes, lines that look very well on the page, but that fall in the theatre (as I may have said before) with the plop of sodden tennis-balls on wet turf. Travers knows better. He has a way with the line that sounds like a spontaneous "crack"; that slithers so swiftly from Lynn, or booms so readily from Hare, that we can hardly imagine it has ever figured in the cold text, and been rehearsed and rehearsed again over anxious weeks.

Wild Horses bristles with that kind of line. And Ralph Lynn has rarely projected them better. He looks more than ever like the Mad Hatter. His agility is astonishing. If John Parker, the theatre's Master of the Rolls, had not stated definitely that Lynn was seventy, who would dare to credit it? We can only give our salute to a major farceur of our generation. His Trumper Norton is in the direct descent from Gerald Popkiss, Ronald Gamble, D'Arcy Tuck, Charlie Tutt, Clifford Tope and Wilkinson King.

Lynn's old associate, Robertson Hare, preserves the pace once the first act is over. This time he turns up in the disguise of the most decorous "daily woman" the stage has known: she is called Mrs. Kersit, which shows that Travers's way at a christening is still highly personal. Besides the flashing Lynn and the baying Hare, there is a good cast of Travers types, acted with enthusiasm by such people as Joan Haythorne (she has to stand for sanity), Constance Lorne, Colin Douglas, Cyril Smith and Dodd Mehan. Mr. Mehan's shady art dealer is, so to speak, one of the evening's lights. Ruth Maitland thunders in now and again as a

CLAIRE BLOOM AND PAUL SCOFIELD IN HAMLET
By Dame Laura Knight, R.A.
To be seen at the Autumn Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours at the R.W.S. Galleries, Conduit Street. The exhibition remains open until Dec. 3.

conventional mother-in-law; and an exit line, something like "I 'm going to tea with a friend in Putney, to Nora Legge's," is among the agreeable bits of Fourth Form idiocy we expect in Aldwych farce. By the end of the evening we are rolling in the aisles, all friends together; Ralph Lynn's final curtain would have done honour to the Aldwych of the Twenties. But I think still (if I may breathe it) that Travers, Hare and Lynn could do something with their first act.

Murder Mistaken

(Ambassadors)

AFTER all, Janet Green's play—put on at first for a limited run—will not leave immediately for New York. It is to continue a prosperous West End life at the Vaudeville, whither it will be transferred next Monday (November 24). And most reasonably, too: this is a serviceable piece of stage artifice. At its centre is a young man named Edward Bare, who is the incarnation of greed. For money he will do anything. He disposes of one fond, foolish wife; the second is an altogether tougher problem. The man is a horribly plausible pathological case; Derek Farr shows him to us in all his glossy horror, his cheap cunning. Unlike most of my colleagues, I find the last act over-burdened. Still, until then the play holds together without sagging, and it could not be acted more expertly than it is by Derek Farr, who leaves, I imagine, a trail of slime; Brenda de Banzie (an assured performance), Iris Hoey and Patricia Burke. The first title was *Teddy Bare's Picnic*. I am sorry, on the whole, that Miss Green changed her mind.

PRESENT AND FUTURE

EVEN if we do not usually dive so far into the future, I can break with custom for once to announce the Coronation Year programme (of thirty-three weeks) at Stratford-upon-Avon. Michael Redgrave, Peggy Ashcroft, Marius Goring, Yvonne Mitchell, and Harry Andrews lead the company; and again there will be five plays. This time, and happily, they are all Shakespearean: *The Merchant of Venice, Richard the Third, Antony and Cleopatra, The Taming of the Shrew* and *King Lear.*

In *The Merchant*, produced by Denis Carey (of the Bristol Old Vic), Michael Redgrave and Peggy Ashcroft will be Shylock and Portia, with Yvonne Mitchell as Jessica; Marius Goring is Richard the Third (Glen Byam Shaw's production), with Harry Andrews as Buckingham and Yvonne Mitchell as Lady Anne; Mr. Redgrave and Miss Ashcroft are Antony and Cleopatra (also in a Byam Shaw production); Miss Mitchell and Mr. Goring are Katharina and Petruchio in George Devine's *Taming of the Shrew*; and, finally, Mr. Redgrave plays Lear (in another Devine production) during July. Others in the cast are Rachel Kempson (Mrs. Redgrave), Tony Britton, Michael Warre, Noel Howlett, Donald Pleasence, Robert Shaw and Basil Hoskins.

THE TOURISTS

Another Stratford company will have an even longer season next year, one of thirty-seven weeks in New Zealand and Australia. Headed by Anthony Quayle and twenty-two-year-old Barbara Jefford, this company leaves by sea at Christmas and will open in Auckland towards the end of January. The plays, *As You Like It, Othello* and *Henry the Fourth, Part One*, have been in rehearsal for six weeks. It will be November 1953 before the tourists get back to England. At the time of writing Glen Byam Shaw, Colonel Fordham Flower (Chairman of the Stratford Governors) and George Hume (general manager) are in New York, concluding plans for a Broadway season by the Stratford cast in 1954; a season that will be followed by a six-months tour of the United States and Canada.

UP IN NORFOLK

When I reviewed *Hanging Judge* at the New, I wrote of Mr. Justice Brittain (who has another "life" in a remote house in Norfolk): "I should say, in a mild whisper, that hardly anything on the stage of the New Theatre is remotely plausible." And now, according to "Richard Roe" in no less a paper than *The Solicitors' Journal*, we learn: "At one period between the wars it was an open secret that one of His Majesty's Judges maintained in Norfolk just such a retreat as solaced the vacations of Mr. Justice Brittain. . . ." Ah, well!

GETTING AROUND

Brenda Bruce is this year's Peter Pan in the revival that opens at the Scala Theatre on December 23. . . . To-night (November 19) there is a most unfortunate clash between the premières of Peter Ustinov's *High Balcony* (at the Embassy Theatre) and Ted Willis and Jan Read's *The Blue Lamp* (at the Hippodrome). . . . *Seagulls Over Sorrento* has passed its 1000th performance at the Apollo Theatre, where it was produced during June 1950.

"AN ITALIAN STRAW HAT"

According to René Clair | According to the Old Vic

M. Fadinard is invaded on the morning of his wedding by Captain Tavernier and Anaïs de Beaujolais (Beauperthuis in the film). His horse has had the misfortune to eat the lady's straw hat and the Captain demands satisfaction. Unhappily, the lady's maid is courting M. Fadinard's valet, and when the lady discovers this and knows that all will be revealed to her husband, she faints.

Beaujolais, the husband of the lady whose straw hat has been eaten (M. Fadinard has in the meantime gone out in search of an Italian one to replace it), has his privacy invaded, while taking a mustard bath, by M. Nonancourt, who has mistaken his house for that of the bridegroom. Trousers being traditionally funny, fun with them ensues.

Disgusted at the bridegroom's behaviour, the bridal party prepares to return to the country, having retrieved their wedding presents. At the last moment it is discovered that the bride's uncle's present to her is an Italian straw hat of exactly the kind for which M. Fadinard has been seeking. The uncle, M. Vésinet, is in the centre of the throng.

An Italian Straw Hat, whose latest production by Denis Carey opened at the Old Vic last night (November 18), with décor by Roger Furze, is 101 years old as a play. Written in 1851 by Eugene Labiche as *Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie*, it was made into a famous silent film by René Clair in 1927, and it is from this film that we have chosen the scenes on the left half of the page as an interesting comparison with scenes from the current Old Vic production. The Old Vic cast includes Laurence Payne as M. Fadinard, Peter Finch playing M. Beaujolais (Beauperthuis in the film); Yvonne Coulette as Anaïs de Beaujolais, John Phillips as Captain Tavernier; the part of the bride's uncle, M. Vésinet, is taken by William Squire; Newton Blick is M. Nonancourt. The play is due to run at the Old Vic until December 20, and it is of interest that the René Clair film is soon to be revived at the *Everyman* Cinema, Hampstead.

TALKING OF TELEVISION

By CYRIL BUTCHER

Ideas for the Television Owner's Christmas Stocking

NOW, we wish to assure you that our Editor is a most kindly man. There was undoubtedly no malice in his mind when he asked us to talk of television from the Christmas Shopping angle for this issue. Nevertheless, he has set us a near-impossible task.

It isn't until you come to think about it in detail that you come up against the fact that a television set is a very complete thing in itself, and virtually immune from the addition of gadgets and accessories which make such suitable Christmas presents. Assuming that their set has been properly installed, just what can you send Uncle George and Auntie Mabel to improve either the efficiency or the look of the thing? A gay pink ribbon perhaps—or a set of brass knobs for the controls? Scarcely. Nor can we see any overwhelming number of spare cathode-ray tubes or electronic valve-testers appearing in people's Christmas stockings.

Of course, if you are Christmas shopping in a big way and aim to give your family a really grand present, then the picture becomes somewhat different. For you couldn't give them anything of more lasting pleasure and interest than a television set. You'll come to it sooner or later, so why not make Christmas the occasion for taking the plunge?

If you do, you are immediately faced with a vast choice—very nearly a hundred different models, all excellent in their way and most reliable. You won't come seriously adrift if you let your purse make up your mind for you. A cheap set does not necessarily mean a bad one; as in most other things, it is the refinements that produce the price range. This begins at 49 guineas (which is pretty reasonable when you bear in mind the vicious purchase-tax of 66⅔ per cent.). That is for a set with a 9-in. screen, which we have found perfectly adequate, over the past three years' regular viewing. The price range then climbs steadily and you begin to pay for larger screens, more elaborate cabinets, better "interlacing" (less noticeable gaps between the lines), "projection" units and "spot wobble," until you get to the monsters costing £300 and up, which do everything but cook the breakfast. All these things are highly desirable, of course. But don't lose sight of the fact that it is the quality of the programmes you see, rather than the frills on your set, which makes you a satisfied or dissatisfied viewer.

But if you have a fancy for frills *and* already have a television set, there is no need for you to feel discouraged. In our faithful endeavour to carry out the Editor's behest, we have been prowling round some of the bigger London stores, searching for ideas. During these peregrinations we have come across a real sign of the times—television furniture. We saw special television tables, with swivelling tops, which are a great boon to those who object to having the veneer scratched every time someone wants to view from a different part of the room. Then there were television chairs, carefully adjusted for height and angle. One model had specially low arms for the woman viewer who wishes to knit while watching the programmes. Most intriguing—and most comfortable—was a television settee, which was made up of separate sections. Placed together there was plenty of room to stretch our lanky six feet, full length; used separately they formed a series of relaxing, loungy chairs which could easily be moved all over the room. Lastly—and most important for those who dislike viewing in total darkness, or who may want to read, sew or write while others watch—we found quite a variety of lamps which are designed to throw light over a limited area.

All these items, of course, would figure as bulkily in the Christmas budget as they would in the Christmas stocking, but they are attractive enough to be an asset to the household *décor*.

We have one final suggestion, with which we propose to catch the conscience of our car-owning neighbour. His stocking will contain one of those small gadgets which suppress the ignition interference which causes those maddening small white dots to dance across the television screen. There are several types available and they are all absurdly cheap. The one we propose to send our C.-O.N. will probably cost more to wrap up in its festive finery than to buy, and, oh what a saving there will be of our temper!

Introducing . . .

IV. CECIL MADDEN

IF ever we raise sufficient energy to write a book of television biographies, we shall have many amazing stories to tell. But few will make as fascinating reading as the history of Cecil Madden, the daddy of the television service, who now operates under the title of Assistant to the Controller of Television Programmes and Co-ordinator of Documentary Programmes.

He has been an actor, producer, dramatist and scene-shifter in the theatres of this country, France and Spain. (Speaks fluent French and Spanish—English too!) He has been a miner and "something in the City." He has had years in sound broadcasting with a vast experience in Talks, Outside Broadcasts and Variety. In fact, he has learnt his job along a long, hard road.

But, most important, Cecil Madden was the first-ever television producer. When the first regular service started in 1936 with Here's Looking at You, *he was responsible for it. Shortly after, he inaugurated the* Picture Page *programme, which remained for years until its recent demise. But you can't kill a good formula and it is always reappearing in various guises.*

Perhaps we should feel a certain diffidence in writing about Cecil Madden, because he is quite the staunchest personal friend we have made through television. He is always helpful and never hesitates to correct us gently on any point on which we may have blundered—but always in the most friendly spirit. And if ever we have a suggestion to make, it is he with whom we first discuss it.

The two of us have often talked for hours about this thing called television, in his delightful apartment overlooking Battersea Park. Occasionally we are dragged away into the kitchen by one of his charming family to prepare a salad dressing (according to our own secret recipe). But eventually the talk returns to television, the past, the future, dreams and plans.

Yes, Cecil Madden knows just about as much anent the presentation of television as there is to know.

Recent Events

WHITE spots or not, we got quite a nostalgic kick out of it when the television screen transported us to the Café de Paris recently. The place must have pleasant memories for many readers, and surely that double staircase must for ever be thronged by the ghosts of the great entertainers who have walked down them. Suddenly to find the floor invaded by television's twelve Toppers, in *Toppers About Town*, was quite a shock—but a pleasant one. The rest of the programme was a bit parson's-eggy—but never mind.

Alas for sequels! Had *Operation Diplomat*, the latest Saturday night serial by Francis Durbridge, been done before *The Broken Horseshoe*, one might have been suitably thrilled. But in its present chronological order, the former is but a pale shadow of the latter.

Alas, again, for sequels. The first *The Passing Show* series was superb. They represented quite a considerable advance in television technique in their multi-scene presentation and the first major use of back-projection. Now *The Passing Show* is with us again. The first of the new series dealt with the life and work of George Edwardes, which are likely to be embalmed for ever in the effusions of the world's Palm Court orchestras. But in this case, instead of an advance, we have to record a firm stand-still. It was madly multi-scenic and back-projection was used to the point of nausea. But perhaps the fault lay in the captain of the Michael Mills-Peter Coke-Freddie Carpenter team. Mr. Mills is capable of brilliant things. We hope he will be back to form in the next programme.

Admirer of Joan Greenwood as we are, we did not know she was as fine an actress as her performance in Ibsen's *A Doll's House* showed. Admittedly she had to support her a fine author, a fine partner in Hugh Burden and a fine producer in Harold Clayton. But the triumph was all hers.

N.B.—Television's most dramatic moment: Philip Harben making a cup of tea!

Watching Brief

TO-MORROW (November 20) you will be able to see Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra in the fourth of "The Conductor Speaks" series. The works to be played are by Rossini, Verdi, Mozart and Berlioz.

Sunday's play (November 23 and 27) is a new one by Dennis Parry, called *No Cross, No Crown*, with Olga Lindo and Basil Sydney in the leads. Production by Campbell Logan.

Also on the 23rd, a recital by the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, from the historic Chapel itself.

Two women Members of Parliament will be in the team of *In the News* on November 28. They are Irene Ward and Margaret Herbison.

Douglas Allen is busy putting final touches to *The Pickwick Papers*, which is to be seen in seven episodes, beginning on December 6. The adaptation is by Robert Christie, and George Howe is to play Pickwick.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE

Red Shoes is an example of the recent work of Francis Marshall, now being exhibited at Walker's Galleries in New Bond Street, W.1. The subject's gay sneakers and jaunty jeans are almost a leisure uniform for ladies of to-day, and his subjects are Francis Marshall ladies to the last inch of their jodhpurs, always lovely and new, in which they recline on abundantly cushioned sofas. His conceptions of cockney children are in the very gayest tradition of brave mites full of a fighting spirit which they refrain from expending on each other, and perhaps the queen pin of his ladies, who gets ten out of ten for nonchalance, is the one in an enormous taffeta picture dress, leading by the nose (and ignoring) a supremely indifferent bull.

The Naval Ball at

Commander and Mrs. Roger Hill, approaching the ballroom, pass through the guard of honour of trumpeters of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, very grand in their braid and buttons.

Left: Chief Officer F. M. Hales, of the W.R.N.V.R., with Vice-Admiral J. A. Eccles, Admiral Commanding Reserves. *Right:* Lieut.-Cdr. and Mrs. Marlow dancing together.

Decorations were worn and this group on their way to the balcony are, *l. to r.*, Mrs. R. Purchas, Lieut.-Cdr. B. Turner, Mrs. D. Knowland and Major P. Cripps.

Each of the thirty-one Naval and Military Balls at Brighton has managed to attract a larger crowd than its predecessor, so that it came as no surprise last year when the function had to be moved from its old home at the Royal Pavilion to larger premises at the Grand Hotel. Now this year, making sure that it lived up to its reputation, despite the larger premises, it reached a sell-out of tickets by October 1—thirty days before the event. As the stated object of the Ball is to provide a social function for serving and retired officers and their friends, there can be no doubt of its all-round success.

Trumpeters of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery, as last year, provided a very smart guard of honour for arriving guests and the president, Colonel F. H. Foster, and his party were piped into dinner by bo'suns of the R.N.V.R.

Sitting l. to r., Miss Ann Keilthy, Mrs. N. Daniel, Miss E. Barnes, Mrs. J. Cowan, Colonel J. Cowan, Mrs. J. R. Keilthy, Miss Molly Collin ; *standing l. to r.*, Lieut. J. Plummer, Miss Diana Davey, Captain R. Barnes, Major N. Daniel, Captain J. R. Keilthy and Mr. T. P. Keilthy.

L. to r., round the table, Major K. A. Harrison, Mrs. H. Barham, Lieut.-Colonel M. H. de L'Orme (just visible), Alderman Miss D. E. Stringer, who is Mayor of Brighton ; Colonel F. H. Foster, president of the ball, and Major-General E. O. Herbert.

and Military Brighton

Lots o[illegible]veliness for the conga, here being led by Commander C. H. [illegible]man, in very jolly sea-man style—not an unsmiling face among his followers.

In gay [illegible]od round their dinner table are, *l. to r.*, Miss Phyllis Jones, [illegible]ptain Dennis Hoad and Mrs. G. Gann, over here on a visit from Vancouver.

L. to r., Mrs. Gay Thursby, Captain J. R. Wood (standing), Major G. T. Birch, Mrs. J. R. Wood and Captain Robin Hancock, clustering in a corner for a cheerful moment's rest from the energies of dancing.

Watching the dancing on the floor below are, *l. to r.*, Captain and Mrs. H. P. Brown, Mrs. D. Y. Wright, Miss Margaret Keith, Lieut. N. Stephens and Captain D. Y. Wright.

Left: At dinner, Major P. D. Loakman sat next next to Mrs. Webb Thompson, whose husband is in the Royal Canadian Artillery. *Right:* Mrs. Bates with Maj. and Mrs. Wonnall.

Left: Major H. R. RoosmaleCocq and Miss Ann Blaker, daughter of Sir Reginald Blaker, who have just become engaged. *Right:* Mr. F. J. Guy and Mrs. William Stewart.

L. to r., Mrs. D. J. McGrath, Captain Ivor Sibley, the Hon. Sec. of the ball, Mrs. Ivor Sibley and Major J. D. McGrath, on their way down from the balcony to the large dance floor on which the enormous number of people kept going for many hours.

Mr. Bona, the director, consulting his chef, Monsieur J. Rolland, and his sous-chef, on the menu for the day.

In the Regency Salon, *l. to r.*, Mr. G. Neve, the host ; Mr. Oswald Bertram, Mrs. Charles Andrews, Air Commodore P. Huskinson, Mrs. O. Bertram, a friend, and Mr. Charles Andrews.

FIRST-CLASS FOOD AND WINE

by Lucullus

IV. BALDWIN'S HOTEL

THE appreciation of good food and wine calls for more than that which is served on a plate or which comes out of a bottle. This observation is not intended to suggest that consideration of kitchen or cellar does not come first as, indeed, it must. But, as the frame may enhance the beauty of a painting, so does the setting in which it is served increase the enjoyment of a meal. And to combine really first-class food skilfully prepared, and choice wines with charm of atmosphere, seems to me to touch the high " C " of gastronomical pleasure.

That is why, on the short list of my favourite restaurants you will find the name of Baldwin's Hotel, 19, Dover Street, W.1, one of those small and elegant eighteenth-century mansions in the heart of Mayfair, which has come down to us scarce touched or changed by the hand of time.

This famous house is under the personal direction of Mr. and Mrs. Bona. With Mr. Bona, who is of Swiss-Italian descent, the art of presenting food and wine is traditional ; but Mrs. Bona, an English countrywoman, regards it as one to whom the running of such a business is a fascinating dream come true. And that, it seems to me, is the reason so much appears to have been considered strictly from the personal viewpoint of the client.

Walk into the small but delightful cocktail lounge with its natural but softly subdued light, its original marble mantelpiece and period furnishings. Here, as you sip your *apéritif* or cocktail, skilfully compounded by the cunning hand of Henry the barman, one seems to bathe in the tranquility of a bygone age. The restaurant itself is intimate, the tables set well apart beneath antique wall coverings of pale-green silk brocade design.

But for all its old-world atmosphere, Baldwin's is in every other respect a modern house. The *cuisine* is predominantly Continental—but the English cooking is of an order seldom encountered, on which, when talking to visitors from across the Channel, one is apt to base the boast : " Ah, but if you have ever had English cooking at its best. . . ."

Baldwin's are particularly proud of their poultry, bred on a Norfolk farm, and of their *primeur* vegetables grown in a Sussex garden.

Langouste and lobster dishes are among the *spécialités de maison*. The delicious sauces in which they are served are an especial delight.

The *cuisine* is in the master hands of Chef Rolland, of France, who received his early training at the famous Paris house of Larue, came to this country soon after the First World War, and added to his experience by going straight to Buckingham Palace, where he served under that great Royal chef, the late M. Cedar. Perhaps that is why English cooking at Baldwin's is held in equal esteem with that of France—but that is a subject to which I will return.

Dining there the other night I had for an *apéritif* a chilled Manzanilla sherry. This I enjoy more than some of those ultra-dry sherries, which seem to me to vaporise off the palate before one can properly savour them.

For the first course there was *Homard au Champagne*, lobster cut into small chunks, tossed in butter and seasoning, then moistened with Madeira wine. Truffles are added and the dish is crowned with a double cream sauce mixed with yolks of eggs and champagne *brut*. With this I chose to drink a *Rüdesheimer Berg Rottland Spätlese* 1950, a wine showing great breed and class.

L. to r., at the end of their meal, Major Webster Trussell, Lord Morris, Miss Anna Zinkeisen, and General Ritchie.

Le Caneton aux Pêches followed ; this is duckling casseroled in liqueurs and brandy, then garnished with peaches ; a perfect dish on which I will not expound. I was, too, highly appreciative of the excellent burgundy accompanying it, a Corton '34, a wine of rare merit. *Soufflé au Parmesan*, as admirable in texture as in flavour, rounded off this most enjoyable meal. I took no liqueur but contented myself with a coffee, full-bodied and fragrant.

But no less to be remembered—since I promised to return to English cooking—was the *table d'hôte* luncheon I took on another occasion, a feature of the house to meet to-day's requirements. This consisted of *hors d'œuvres* and (as always on a Tuesday) steak, kidney and mushroom pudding in generous portion, with choice of vegetables and a dig at a carefully-fed Stilton. This meal, with which I drank a bottle of beer—to the waiter's obvious approval—cost only 10s. 6d., extremely reasonable for these expensive times.

But as to which meal I most enjoyed, that is a question I still find it difficult to answer.

Photographed by John Wiggins.

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO . . .

VIRGINIA MAYO : For combining two incompatible elements in the first person singular . . .

. . . the two elements being fire and ice. The American Fashion Hall of Fame, choosing Virginia (*right*) as the film star who best typifies American glamour, hailed her as "Hollywood's Fire and Ice Girl" (Lexicographers, please copy !)

THE IMMORTAL BARD : For taking practical steps to assist his immortality.

In the person of Francis J. Stanislaw, Will Shakespeare attended the Lord Mayor's Procession to present to Sir Rupert De la Bère a petition urging him to "receive, comfort and nurture" a project that London may have a Shakespeare Theatre.

MR. A. GENIN : For risking a turtle-like appearance on the eve of the Lord Mayor's Banquet.

While the Mansion House chefs were engaged in their preparations for the Lord Mayor's Banquet, Mr. Genin appeared (*left*) on the banks of the Thames with the pick-a-back coracle which he uses to ferry himself to his motor-cruiser. Post-banquet reports indicate that Mr. Genin managed to keep clear of the soup !

SPORTING BACKGROUND

By LOUIS T. STANLEY

Shopping for the Sportsman's Christmas Stocking

Economy is often another name for spending money without getting any fun out of it. That sort of approach to Christmas shopping is fatal. Nobody gets a kick out of it. The odds are that the presents bought in that spirit will be a flop. I 'm not ashamed to say that I enjoy Christmas shopping. I still think that the fundamentalist approach to Christmas is childishly beautiful. Once you have believed, the feeling is never completely lost. Infant faith gets shattered, but it leaves the murmur of a charade of peace. I have become more like Mr. Wooster, who, when asked somewhat coldly by Jeeves, " Does one desire the Yuletide spirit, Sir ? " replied uncowed, " Certainly one does, I am all for it." After all, even Scrooge, the most pronounced of individualists, was converted to mistletoe.

WINTER sports equipment is an instance where specialised knowledge is necessary. These enthusiasts are a race apart. They wait twelve months for their hour. Luxuries and creature comforts are denied for the privilege of climbing snow-clad peaks and hurling themselves into space like a birdman survival. Even the dithering mortals who are tied to the nursery slopes like Abominable Snowmen do their best to defy the laws of momentum, gravity and centrifugal force. Those who only know such individuals by seeing them pace restlessly up and down the platform in Victoria Station with knapsacks on their backs may question whether man was ever intended to hurtle downhill on two pieces of wood. The fact remains that they do, and in the pursuit of such rarefied pleasures equipment is needed. In other words, here is a mine of possible gifts. The Engadine express and the climb to St. Moritz may have little in common with the bustle of Piccadilly, yet within a stone's throw of Eros I found that Lillywhite's and Simpson's had a comprehensive stock of Winter Sports equipment and clothing.

There were skis by world-famous makers, including Eriksen, Johannsen and Nilsen, Attenhofer and Rossignol. I was particularly interested in the new British laminated Ibex ski designed by Gustav Bublik, the well-known Czech ski manufacturer now exiled in this country. Prices range from £8 5s. to £20 approximately. Simpson's had a few ex-Army skis priced £7, which includes steel edges. A welter of accessories in Simpson's included men's knitted ski gloves in a variety of colours priced £1 5s. : women's wool mittens and caps to match in numerous colours and designs—caps, 13s. 6d. ; mittens, 20s. Ski sticks in British steel and alloy from £3 15s. to £4 5s., or Tonkin cane ski sticks at £1 10s. Lillywhites had ski lunchbags made of waterproof rayon from £1 15s. Ski haversacks for £2 4s. Rucksacks from £1 8s. 6d. to £8 17s. 9d. Apart from equipment there is a wide range of clothing. An ideal gift would be one of the double texture-proofed ski jackets in nylon. Simpson's had them in royal blue, fawn, black, light blue, yellow and navy for £6, whilst Vorlagers in proofed gaberdine with the Daks waistband in navy and black were priced £9 19s. 6d.

I was interested to learn that Simpson's have invited the Austrian Woman Ski Champion, Erika Mahringer, to be in attendance at the Winter Sports Centre until November 28 to give help and advice. A point of practical value is the fact that Austria is a very good Winter Sports country from a currency angle, and Miss Mahringer will advise on the best places to stay for a holiday.

Golf might come next on the list. Here again are creatures with specialised tastes. It is a mistake to imagine that every golfer is a potential Open Champion. The majority play for their own amazement. What they hit is history and what they miss is mystery. A gift that can never be wrong is a box of golf balls. At this time of the year gay Christmas wrappings add a seasonable touch. Without wishing to pinpoint any special make, I suggest Dunlop 65, Spalding Topflight, Silver King or Penfold at 3s. 6d. a ball in boxes of 12, 6, 4, 3, or 2. A seat-stick umbrella in gaily coloured cotton is another suggestion. It costs £5 16s., or in rayon tartan, £6 4s. from Simpson's. Golf bags are perhaps a luxury present, but I was attracted by the Birkdale bag in black or tan plasticised canvas with solid leather base and leather trimmings. It is designed to carry a full set of clubs, five on each side in separate compartments, and four in the centre section. Fitted with large pockets and a specially designed hood which keeps the clubs dry during play. The cost is £12 2s.

Golf clubs are always welcome, but perhaps too individualistic to buy for another person. On this subject I feel strongly. I know that many large stores have first-class departments stocked with sets of clubs. Very often these are the most convenient places for the non-golfing shopper to visit, but the ideal and obvious centre is the professional shop at your local golf club. The professional is a servant of the club who is dependent for a living on what he makes from the game. You can eliminate tournament winnings. The ordinary unknown club professional is retained at between £2 and £5 a week, paying an assistant probably £5 a week out of his own money and working roughly a seventy-hour week. He invests his capital in a stock of clubs, bags, clothing, shoes, balls, etc. The club professional deserves support. He is the man to consult for possible Christmas golfing presents, and don't forget that whilst it would be bliss to receive a set of Bobby Locke autographed clubs in sets of ten irons and four woods at a cost of £3 3s. 9d. per iron and £3 17s. 9d. per woods, seven clubs are more than adequate for a beginner . . . in fact, a brassie, No. 3 and No. 7 irons, plus a putter, would serve the purpose. Long-handicap golfers who trudge through the rough lugging a bag full of clubs they can't use are merely inverted snobs. They imagine that the unwieldy load gives the appearance of a first-class player. It took Gloria Minoprio to show that a sound shot-maker can beat an experienced player in a championship with one club only.

Angling offers considerable scope for possible presents, Here again the non-angler is at a disadvantage. The cynic is inclined to enquire why the rustic employment which has its beginnings with a piece of string, a bent pin and a village stream should be credited with such a sacred atmosphere. After all, a fish is just a fish—all look the same on a slab—unless you happen to be an angler. For that reason it is a good idea to obtain a detailed guide such as printed by Allcocks, of Redditch, who, although wholesale manufacturers, provide a full and comprehensive list of all angling wants, plus prices, and information of the nearest agent to the enquirer. Inside the 112 pages are items ranging from pence to pounds.

Those who gaze longingly at fly-rods until the season reopens and the mayflies dance with gauze-like wings can appreciate how, for some, the very act of handling a gun recalls the silence of the moors broken by the unceasing sound of trickling water, the scent of heather honey on a Highland night, the hum of insects, the mew of a buzzard, and the challenge of an old cock grouse. Anyone who can be so inspired by guns is an obvious choice for a sporting Christmas present. Again expert advice is essential. Choice can range from game carriers at 7s. to a sidelock hammerless ejector gun at £250. I have in front of me a delightfully illustrated catalogue of Messrs. Gallyon and Sons, Bridge Street, Cambridge.

Another catalogue that should be in the shopper's possession is by Rowland Ward, of 166, Piccadilly, London, W.1. Here are countless gifts of sporting character and impeccable taste. A walk through their showrooms is sheer delight. I liked enormously the cocktail glasses which can bear your own racing colours from 3 guineas for a set of six . . . the Jumbo breakfast cup and saucer in Bone China with hunting, fishing and shooting designs from 1 guinea . . . the down-filled cushions with attractive racing and hunting designs at £4 17s. 6d. . . . the wide range of tiled trays with designs exclusive to Rowland Ward from £2 15s. . . . the trays with sporting scenes from £1 17s. 6d. . . . Coffee cups with Game birds at £4 for set of six . . . the 30-piece Dinner Set showing hunting and other designs for £9 10s. . . . the Doulton Tea Service, with Pheasant and other designs, at £3 15s.

I was intrigued by an unusual and novel combination called " Hunting by Ear." Attractively packed in a box is a *Sound-Book of Fox-Hunting* by Michael Berry and D. W. E. Brock, with illustrations by T. Ivester Lloyd, and two 10-in. Parlophone gramophone records. Text and visual illustrations blend with the music of the hunting scene, the sound of the horn, the cry of hounds and the voice of the huntsman faithfully reproduced by D. W. E. Brock and Ludwig Koch. The authors rightly claim that this blending adds to the joy and appreciation of a day's fox-hunting. The cost of the book and records is 35s. A similar treatment has been extended to the first *Sound-Book of Bird Song*. Two 10-in. double-sided records featuring the songs and calls of many birds have been captured by E. M. Nicholson and Ludwig Koch, with the supplementary book carrying an introduction by Julian Huxley. The cost is 30s. A companion volume called *More Songs of Wild Birds*, by the same authors, with three 10-in. records, is the same price.

I have made no reference to books, as these are fully covered by my colleague, Rupert Croft-Cooke, but I do recommend the perfect cricket bedside book, *The Book of Cricket* (Collins) : a gallery of great players from W. G. Grace to the present day. Exquisitely illustrated and produced, it is priced at 42s., and is worth every penny.

Christmas may mean to most people a spate of shopping and an orgy of eating. We know that the eating can lead to congestion of the liver that even the wit of cracker-mottoes is unable to dispel. For that reason alone we must see that the appeal of Christmas is reflected in carefully chosen presents.

PETER ARNO ON PARADE

"Valerie won't be around for several days. She backed into a sizzling platter."

Peter Arno has been described as the supreme cartoonist of this chromium-plated age, and it is difficult to think of any artist who could challenge him for the title on the Arno home ground—the ground on which his team of tired business men scores a perennial victory over the visiting ladies. His latest collection of more than a hundred drawings of which the above establishes the pattern, *Peter Arno's Sizzling Platter* (Robert Hale ; 12s. 6d.), joins the Christmas-gift list as champagne joins cold chicken. (But it is only fair to add that we have excised from our own list one or two maiden aunts from whom we have expectations.)

★ AT THE CINEMA ★

with C. A. LEJEUNE

Trent's Last Case

(*Plaza*)

THE film which Herbert Wilcox has made from E. C. Bentley's celebrated detective-story, as a vehicle for Margaret Lockwood's return to the screen, is what American dietitians would call "bland." That is to say, the mixture is smooth, healthy, won't hurt anybody, and has no very marked flavour.

The scene is a pleasant English country house, with handsome grounds, in which the murdered body of its singularly repulsive master is found one morning by a gardener's boy. Since the master, as well as being repulsive, is an American millionaire with world-wide business interests, public curiosity is sufficiently whetted for a London newspaper to send down its ace crime reporter to investigate the circumstances of Sigsbee Manderson's death; which are odd, to say the least of it. For one thing, he appears to have dressed for his appointment with murder in considerable haste, leaving his false teeth in a glass bowl by the bedside. For another, he has spoken to his English wife quite decently the evening before; a thing he hasn't been known to do for months.

Ace reporter Philip Trent is not only a writer, an artist, and something of an amateur detective, but a personable and romantic young man. He is "long and loosely-built," according to the author's original description, and "his high-boned quixotic face wore a pleasant smile." (You don't need to be told this is a Michael Wilding part.) Arrived at the scene of the crime, he promptly falls in love with the beautiful, composed and soulful-eyed young widow; who appeals to his quixotic imagination by playing the piano when she's worried and Mozart when she's *very* worried. Although he doesn't realise it, his love is as promptly reciprocated, and it's a nasty jolt for both of them when Trent begins to suspect that Mrs. Manderson has been having an affair with Manderson's old Oxonian secretary (John McCallum), who seems certain, in Trent's view, to have committed the crime.

Trent is wrong in both these assumptions, and the film goes on to show us just how wrong he is. The night of the murder is reconstructed in flashback; and for the first time, after an hour or so, we are shown Sigsbee Manderson as he was; alive, bullying and hateful. And what we see is Orson Welles, in a false nose.

Trent's Last Case will just about do. It is a decent and competent adaptation of a well-written book, which has always seemed to me a trifle over-rated. There wasn't ever much *to* the book, if you know what I mean, and there isn't much *to* the picture, either. One thing about it does beat me, though. Why did Herbert Wilcox decide to bring this half-century-old novel up to date? The twist in the tail is no great novelty nowadays. The distinctive quality of E. C. Bentley's work is the period style, the romantic flourish, the gallantry towards a misunderstood Victorian lady whose private sorrows are suddenly exposed to the blaze of publicity.

What made Mr. Wilcox, who is far too shrewd a showman to do anything without a reason, choose to throw away these advantages? It can't have been, surely, to allow Orson Welles, during the fateful car-ride with his secretary, to quote passages from *Othello*, and indulge in a private joke with Londoners by observing he's seen the play at the St. James's Theatre, and doesn't care much for the leading player. (Mr. Welles played the part last summer.)

No, I can only suppose that the producer's policy was dictated by consideration for Margaret Lockwood. At all costs, presumably, he was anxious to bring her back to the screen without the burden of period fal-lals.

The Marrying Kind

(*Carlton*)

The Marrying Kind has the benefit of Judy Holliday, who knows how to play dumb with more eloquence and originality than most blondes on the motion-picture screen. Up to now, I have been unable to think of any other striking asset of the picture.

The story—a sentimental comedy—sets out in a series of flashbacks the married life of a young couple named Keefer, as husband and wife recap. it for the benefit of a female divorce judge. Chet Keefer is a factory worker, who believes that to make good, you don't have to be smart all your life; you've only got to be smart for ten seconds, and invent something, like the razor blade or the telephone. He never finds the ten seconds. Florence Keefer is a girl who has painfully come to the conclusion that it would be swell to practise thinking, all by herself, for half an hour. She never finds the half-hour.

The film describes their courtship, their marriage, their pride in a new flat, their money troubles, their fun, the way they go to bed, their arguments, their loss of a child, and the squabbles, aggravated by well-meaning friends and relatives, which bring them to the point of divorce after seven years together.

There is nothing particularly remarkable about the Keefers, and nothing, apart from Miss Holliday, remarkable about the film. Except, perhaps, that it makes so much noise, to which newcomer Aldo Ray, who plays Chet, is the most generous contributor. Our sympathies go out to Mrs. Keefer when she observes, at the end of an hour or so of general hubbub, "You can stop hollerin', because I've made up my mind not to listen to anything hollered. Anything *said*, I'll listen to, but not hollered."

Perhaps, after all, we've done her an injustice, and she *has* put in that half an hour of thinking all alone.

Because You're Mine

(*Empire*)

SPEAKING as a professional reviewer, I would say it was hard luck on *Because You're Mine* to have been chosen as *the* feature for the Royal Film Performance. Because it's not mine, nor, apparently, my colleagues'; and to thrust it out so ostentatiously into the critical limelight may have done it a disservice from which it will be hard to recover.

Because You're Mine is no worse than dozens of Technicolor musicals of its type, but as a rule such films are allowed to slip through the West End and into the suburbs and provinces in comparative quiet. It has an idiotic story about an operatic tenor who is drafted into the American Army, and finds no joy there until he discovers that music hath charms to soothe even a sergeant's savage breast. Apart from an excellent performance by James Whitmore, as the sergeant who so improbably turns out to have a singing sister and to be an opera fan, the film's chief asset is Mario Lanza's voice. I am told by experts that, in his top and bottom registers, Mr. Lanza is as close to Caruso as makes no odds: only the middle register stamps his as a lesser voice. This is no mean testimonial, and one can't help wishing that *Because You're Mine* gave him more stuff of quality to sing with. His farewell to New York opera, in the tenor solo from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, is fine, and it seems a sin to waste this remarkable voice on the sort of nonsense that follows. As for the dreadful sequence in which he is forced to sing a setting of the Lord's Prayer on church parade, indulging in holy face-acting the while, it embarrassed me so much that I wanted to run out of the theatre.

Les Enfants Terribles

("The Strange Ones")

(*La Continentale*)

JEAN COCTEAU, who adapted *Les Enfants Terribles* from his own book, plays the part of the unseen narrator on the sound-track, and worked on the film "hand-in-hand" with the producer and director, Jean-Pierre Melville, has put it on record that "of all my cinematographic attempts, this is the one I prefer." The copy we are shown here, presumably subtitled for American audiences, and cut to some extent before it was given the X Certificate of the British Board of Film Censors, is manifestly not the exact work that left the hands of the author.

It presents us with a puzzle; some will say, a rather nasty puzzle, since the central situation involves the close relationship of a brother and sister, who are ready to commit suicide sooner than throw their private world open to trespassers. For people who don't care to spend their leisure hours at the cinema grappling with theories of Freud and Plato, I would suggest this is a piece to keep away from. For people who like a solid substance to their pictures, people who love a bit of psychology or philosophy to get their teeth into, people who don't think of unusual human relationships in terms of nice or nasty, but simply as phenomena of living, I would recommend *Les Enfants Terribles*, even in its mutilated form, as a very interesting study indeed.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT ON WHICH YOU DON'T PAY PURCHASE TAX

THE Christmas Number of The Sketch *is, in any case, a gift which tens of thousands of people buy for themselves every year, but it may not have occurred to them that it would make a far more acceptable token of regard for those friends and relations who fall in the half-crown to five shillings category and for whom one usually compromises with a 3s. 6d. Christmas-card. This is the price of our Christmas Number, now on sale, which this year harks back to the nostalgic pleasures of the traditional Christmas immortalised by Charles Dickens.*

One of its features is the reproduction of illustrations in full colour specially painted for The Sketch *to accompany "Christmas at Dingley Dell"—paintings which have been described as the best colour illustrations of the "Pickwick Papers" ever to have been published. These form part of the editorial colour section of the Christmas Number. Other editorial features include old Christmas prints, a ghost story by Oliver Onions, Christmas joke drawings and reproductions of Christmas paintings.*

For those who wish to give a more expensive Christmas present to friends at home and overseas—a gift which remains a constant reminder for a year of the donor's kindness—it would be difficult to make a better choice than a year's subscription to The Sketch, *which costs £3 and includes not only the Christmas Number, but all the colourful Special Numbers of* The Sketch *produced during the year. Enquiries for regular postal delivery should be addressed to the Subscription Department,* The Sketch, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

OUR CHRISTMAS PORTFOLIO

by Norah Owen

PARTY FROCKS

Children's clothes nowadays seem to cost nearly as much as their mothers', and party dresses approach near-couture prices. When the child leads a really social life, with parties all the way, mother is indeed faced with a problem. These three frocks have the classic party-dress elegance, but are reasonably inexpensive. *Left* : White organdie, classically crisp and fairy-like, with embroidery and cherry-coloured ribbon, £7 17s. from Gay Child, South Molton Street. *Centre* : Pink taffeta, with a smocked bodice, full skirt and false petticoat frill, by Lindsay Maid, £6 15s., from Lilley and Skinner. *Right* : Cream-coloured spotted net over taffeta, £4 14s. from Dickins and Jones. The paper decorations are from Selfridge.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by W. J. Pilkington.

OUR CHRISTMAS

FOR HER

Ideal for the woman of any age, a crocodile handbag, one of a selection at Finnigans, at varying prices ; for the older woman, or one who likes a pure Eau de Cologne, Atkinson's contemporary bottle is attractive at 19s. 9d. ; the silk sweater-scarf is 12s. 11d., from Fenwick's ; combined lipstick and lip-brush, a new idea, £2 10s., from Galeries Lafayette ; silver box for powder or cigarettes, £8, from Golden Past ; gloves, made to measure in soft leather, beautifully stitched, £3 3s., from the boutique of French of London ; petit-point perfume bottle, £2 7s. 6d., Simpson's ; fob-watch-shaped powder compact, £3 5s., Simpson's ; Swiss lawn initialled handkerchief, 5s. 7d., Marshall and Snelgrove.

Presents for glamorous occasions include a jersey stole, with dark fringe and fringed bobbles, secured by sequins, £5, from Harrods ; Ballantyne's cashmere evening sweater, £7 5s., Harrods ; a realistic rose, £1 11s. 6d., is one from a large selection of artificial flowers from Harrods ; large star clip, £5 10s. and French paste bracelet, £16 1s. 6d., both from Fortnum's ; glistening grey necklace and ear-rings, £16 16s., from French of London ; Coty's fitted black grosgrain cocktail handbag, £8 19s. 6d.

In the background is a delightfully warm, pretty and useful satin quilted dressing-gown, 7½ gns., from Fenwick's ; the week-end travelling beauty case, with detachable tray and unbreakable jars and bottles, £7 10s., from Marshall and Snelgrove ; in the left-hand corner, Dorothy Gray's "Midnight" perfumed Bath Essence and Soap, 17s. 3d. ; Elizabeth Arden's "Blue Grass" Flower Mist, Dusting Powder and Hand Lotion, £2 0s. 5d. ; Coty's "Meteor" Toilet Water and Dusting Powder from a satin-lined coffret, £2 17s. 6d. ; the mules with guipure lace over satin are £2 9s. 11d., from Lotus, Manchester, Glasgow, and the New Bond Street branch ; "Gay Chiffon" skin perfume, 19s. 2d., and three tablets of matching soap, 13s. 9d., by Cyclax.

All the Christmas candles and decor-
Confectionery Department

PORTFOLIO (continued)

FOR HIM

Men are always considered to be difficult to find gifts for, but they are, on the whole, always more grateful than female recipients, and will gladly receive their favourite cigarettes or a bottle of practically anything to drink, and are content to accept replacements for their wardrobe. Here are some ideas. Raffia slippers, towelling-lined, for wet feet, £1 1s. 9d., from Harrods ; a pigskin-cased toilet kit, £2 8s. 9d., from Liberty ; Remington dual-volt electric razor, £9 19s. 4d., from Harrods' cutlery department ; Lentheric's Overnighter pack of After-shave Lotion Brilliantine and Cologne, 21s., from Lentheric stockists ; a pair of beautifully balanced and bristled brushes, £9 10s., from Truefitt and Hill ; an excellent Fountain shaving brush which has a hidden soap-fountain, £6 16s., in its case, from Dunhill.

An attractive basket, with seven small bottles of liqueurs, £3, from Bentall's, Kingston ; spotted and fringed silk scarf, £2 5s., from Simpson's ; crochet-backed leather gloves, £2 15s., from Simpson's ; pigskin cheque-book cover, 14s., and pigskin-handled hammer, which is a combination tool-box, £1 3s. 6d., both from Simpson's ; for the smoker, three lighters, one for the pipe-smoker, £4 10s. ; one for the outdoor man, £4 10s., and a " tankard " table-lighter for the home, £4 4s., all from Dunhill ; the leather, glass-lined ash-tray, £1 10s., from Fortnum's.

FOR THE HOME

For the home and the house-proud, a sewing basket, with polished Spanish leather lid, £9 9s., from Harrods ; an elegant Swedish glass vase, £4 4s., from Fortnum's ; for china collectors, two members of the Monkey Orchestra, representative of many others from Golden Past of Duke Street, St. James's ; the streamlined Cona Percolator, £5 7s. 6d., from Marshall and Snelgrove.

...ations in these pictures are from the ...t Fortnum and Mason.

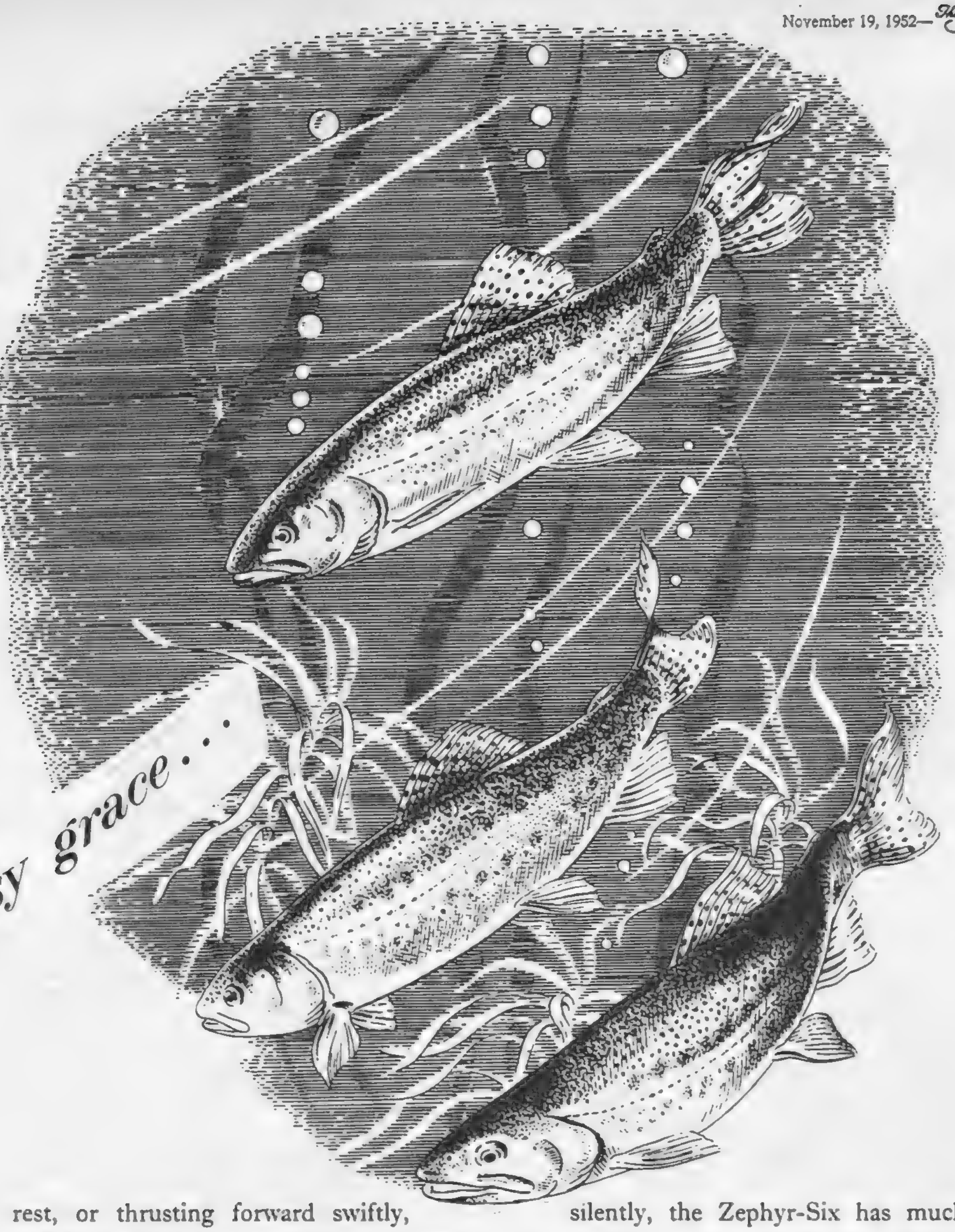
OUR CHRISTMAS PORTFOLIO (*continued*)

FOR THE CHILDREN

A present for the baby often solves the difficult problem of what to give its mother. Some suggestions are a box of Johnson's well-known preparations, 22s. 6d. from most chemists; a pastel musical windmill, 59s. 6d. from Marshall and Snelgrove; delicious woolly boots, 9s. 6d., Fortnum's; Mother and baby lamb, 28s. 6d., Fortnum's; satin-padded hanger, 5s. 6d., and quilted hot-water bottle cover, 27s. 6d., both from Fortnum's.

For children of varying ages we chose a graceful Bambi, 35s., from Fortnum's; a Rosebud baby doll with its attractive clothes, 41s. 3d., from Liberty; Morland sheepskin slippers in red or blue, 27s. 9d., from Dickins and Jones; a really beautifully-made sailing-boat, £2 12s. 6d., with a jaunty sailor, 15s. 6d., Fortnum's; a Puppet, one of many from Harrods, 19s. 3d.; a real china doll's tea-set for four, only 35s., from Fortnum's; the realistic plastic train with rails, 75s., from Marshall and Snelgrove; jet-propelled car, 18s. 11d., Harrods; handkerchiefs with the owner's name, 4s. 11d. each from Fortnum's; a pink-fish nail-brush 6s. 6d., from John Lewis and Lewis's Provincial Stores; an up-to-date Magic Lantern, 57s. 6d., from Bentall's, Kingston.

Smooth easy grace . . .



At rest, or thrusting forward swiftly, silently, the Zephyr-Six has much of the easy grace of fish. A fast car, it is also a very safe one. While stationary, it suggests surging power; unleashed it embodies deep-chair ease. It is, then, swift, graceful and capacious; but first and last it is economical. The recent price reduction of all Ford products emphasises Ford leadership in thrifty motoring. It is truly amazing that such high performance and quality can be allied with such moderate costs.

ZEPHYR-SIX £532 PLUS PURCHASE TAX £297.1.1.

Ford ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ *MOTORING—THE BEST AT LOWEST COST*

Susan Carr's Christmas Treasure Hunt

FOR HIM

1. A bottle of ten-year-old Cognac, Louis de Salignac Reserve George V. in a gift pack which includes two Continental brandy goblets. (44s.)
2. A map marker that measures in miles and kilometres. (13s. 6d.)
3. For anglers and others: a Vidor waterproof torch. (13s. 9d.)
4. For travellers: an alarm clock that is luminous and has a good sized face. Covered in leather cloth in a choice of colours. (4 guineas.)
5. Glass-bottomed pewter tankards in half-pint or pint size. (42s. and 50s.)
6. Matching tie and handkerchief made in England from Italian silk foulard; or a reversible scarf in the same material. (Ties: 17s. 6d.; handkerchiefs: 15s. 6d.; scarf: 3 gns.)
7. A soft under-arm folio case in coach hide with zip pockets. (£3 18s.)
8. A Parker 51 De Luxe Set. Both pen and pencil have rolled gold tops and are in a silk-lined leather case. (£9 10s. 6d.)
9. A heavy glass ashtray engraved with a greyhound. (13s. 6d.)
10. Gay bottle-tops either pointed or circular; painted or in natural wood. (Painted: 2s. 6d.; natural wood: 2s. 9d.)
11. A bottle-opener in a neat leather case. (6s. 6d.)
12. Also in a leather case: a useful tool set containing a corkscrew, file, hammer, etc. Each tool locks forward into position ready for use. (21s. 9d.)
13. Invaluable for mending a fuse or working in a dark corner: a screwdriver which is lit by a torch set in the pigskin handle. (12s. 9d.)
14. A double-sided notecase of quite new design. £1 notes clip in one side and 10s. notes the other. In pigskin, calf or morocco, various colours. (21s.)
15. Floris's new sandalwood soap. Singly or in boxes of three. (Box of three: 9s. 6d.; or bath size: 13s.)
16. A Prunier voucher which enables him to choose either fine wines or liqueurs or a delightful meal. (30s., 3 gns. and 5 gns.)

FOR HER

1. A delightful pigskin purse manicure case that is well-fitted out. (36s. 3d.)
2. An ocelot coney muff-handbag (£4 7s. 6d.); a hat to match, various shapes (about 30s.).
3. A telescopic umbrella with a nylon cover that is guaranteed for two years. In black, brown, navy or red. (£4 12s. 6d.)
4. Nylon aprons that tie round the waist; in blue, white or pink. (15s. 11d. and 17s. 11d.)
5. For watering indoor plants: a can with a long spout. (8s. 6d.)
6. Tea-cloth with matching apron in Irish linen. The apron has a bib and pocket. Either in figured linen or with stripes. (7s. 9d.)
7. Enough material to make a dress. Four-and-a-half yards of Horrockses printed cotton packed in a gay box. Many designs and colours. (12s. 11d.)
8. A small travelling alarm clock in a most attractive flowered enamel case. (£4 10s.)
9. A musical powder compact which has a device for "switching off" when necessary. (7 gns.)
10. A real leather jewel case with quadrant hinges. The top tray folds up to make another small week-end jewel-case. Strong lock and key. (Approx. 5 gns.)
11. Canasta cards and a scoring pad that fit neatly into a small pigskin brief case. (39s. 6d.)
12. A zipped plastic case that contains a make-up brush, nail-brush, clothes-brush and comb to match. (26s.)
13. An attractive French lapel fob in the form of a miniature perfume bottle with a dipstick. (22s.)
14. Lancome's lovely perfume *Magie* in a gilt and glass star-spangled sphere specially designed to hang on the Christmas-tree. (£3 2s. 6d.)

FOR HIM AND HER

1. A gift box of Christmas fare which includes a bottle of wine. (From 50s. to £10.)
2. A cocktail tray with a lacquer finish that won't mark. Decorated with prints of flowers or scenes; various colours. (25s. 6d.)
3. A large, warm travelling rug in Munrospun; various checks. (49s. 6d.)
4. Cloisonne Chinese ashtrays. Enamel on copper; lovely colours and designs. (17s. 6d. and 21s. 9d.)
5. A hand-painted early-morning tea-set in a choice of designs and colours. (£3 12s. 6d.)
6. Wooden salad crescents. (12s. 6d.)
7. Plastic-treated linen playing cards. (Two packs: 23s. 3d.)
8. Rush wine bottle jackets and mats to match. (3s. 6d. each.)
9. Magazine rack and table combined; with a movable glass shelf. Walnut frame with birch slats, or mahogany with beech slats. (53s. 9d.)
10. Cherry wood bowls; you can have either initials or names carved on these if you wish. (9s. 1d.; letters: 1s. each.)
11. Pleated paper lampshades from Denmark that fold for packing. (33s.)
12. Wooden pepper mills with green or amber-coloured tops. (9s. 3d.)
13. A hand-wrought iron toasting-fork with a guard to protect you from the heat, and a bracket to hang it on the wall. (29s. 6d.)
14. A table or window jardinere in metal with a movable tray; also, if you wish, plants to go in it. (5 gns.)
15. A scribbling block bound in pigskin with a magnet-held pencil. (£2 7s. 6d.)
16. A frame for three photographs which folds into a pigskin case. (89s. 6d.)
17. A key-ring with small torch attached. Gilt with leather. (21s.)
18. A London Diary for 1953. A page a day; notes, illustrations and maps of London. Bound in leather cloth. (17s. 6d.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Boys

1. A plastic Tenni-gun that shoots ping-pong balls. (5s. 11d.)
2. Complete cowboy outfits in two sizes for ages 6 to 10. (52s. 6d. and 55s.)
3. Jetex kits to build aircraft that really fly. (7s. and 10s. 7d.)
4. Jetex jet-propelled plastic toys. (Boat: 15s. 3d.; car: 18s. 11d.; helicopter: 33s.)
5. Inexpensive clockwork train set. (10s. 6d.)

Girls

1. A beautifully-made kitchen set with whistling kettle, saucepans, frying-pans, colander, etc. (44s. 6d.)
2. A washing machine that really washes clothes. (47s. 6d.)
3. Dolls with washable nylon hair. (From 5 gns.)
4. Outfits of dolls' clothes. (Various prices.)
5. A blue trolley with rubber wheels. (45s. 4d.)
6. Alison Uttley's Little Grey Rabbit. (28s. 6d.)

Boys and Girls

1. Golly Stores that sell groceries that can all be eaten. (33s. 6d. and 42s.)
2. Lifelike poodles in two sizes. (49s. 6d.; and almost life-size, £5 15s. 6d.)
3. Three games—Shipping (a family game); Ship Ahoy—a yacht-racing game; and Flotilla—a game for two that presents problems of strategy and tactics employed in naval warfare. ("Shipping": 21s.; "Ahoy": 25s. 11d.; "Flotilla": 29s. 11d.)
4. No winding and no clockwork: an ingenious Nutto Monkey that does tricks. (12s. 11d.)
5. Nursery rugs, 23 ins. by 40 ins., with Larrie the Lamb or Muffin the Mule on them. (25s.)
6. A chair which plays a tune when sat on. (48s. 8d. and 52s. 8d.)
7. A mother goat and baby goat made of real goatskin. (5s. 11d. and 2s. 11d.)
8. A large fluffy kangaroo with a baby in its pocket. (22s. 6d.)
9. Small cuddly teddy bears wearing angora jumpers. (8s. 6d.)

Toddlers

1. A pull-along musical car. (13s. 3d.)
2. A Chew Chew train, which contains a food tray and cup, and the driver and fireman turn out to be a knife and fork. (10s. 9d.)
3. A well-made rocking-horse in natural beech-wood. (90s.)
4. For the bath; plastic fishes and seahorses that remain upright. (2s. 6d. each.)

WHERE TO FIND THEM

For Him

1. Leading stores, wine merchants, etc.
2. Marshall and Snelgrove.
3. Selfridges.
4. Army and Navy Stores.
5 to 8. Simpson (Piccadilly).
9 and 10. Heal and Son.
11 to 13. Liberty.
14. Debenham and Freebody.
15. Floris of Jermyn Street.
16. Prunier Voucher Service, 72, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

For Her

1. Liberty.
2 to 4. Dickins and Jones.
5. Heal and Son.

For Her (contd.)

6 and 7. Army and Navy Stores.
8. Debenham and Freebody.
9. Swan and Edgar.
10. Harrods.
11 to 13. Marshall and Snelgrove.
14. Leading stores.

For Him and Her

1 and 2. Harrods.
3 and 4. Debenham and Freebody.
5 and 6. Story, Kensington.
7. Simpson (Piccadilly).
8 to 14. Heal and Son.
15 to 17. Dickins and Jones.
18. Liberty.

N.B.: Postage and packing extra in all cases.

For the Children

Boys
1 and 2. Marshall and Snelgrove.
3 and 4. Harrods.
5. Selfridges.

Girls
1 and 2. Marshall and Snelgrove.
3 to 6. Harrods.

Boys and Girls
1. Marshall and Snelgrove.
2 and 3. Harrods.
4. Selfridges.
5 and 6. Army and Navy Stores.
7. Heal and Son.
8 and 9. Liberty.

Toddlers
1 and 2. Selfridges.
3 and 4 Heal and Son.

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LOOK FOR THE GIN IN THE SIX-SIDED BOTTLE AND TAKE HOME A BOTTLE TO-DAY!

THE WORLD OF MOTORING

By WILLIAM HARTLEY

Suggestions for the Motorist's Christmas Stocking

SINCE so many of us spend a good deal of our time in the car either on business or pleasure bent or in the course of our domestic round, any aid to comfort or to the satisfaction of so doing would surely be welcome. With this in mind and linking it to the possibility of Christmas gifts, I spent some hours around the accessory stands at the Earl's Court Show. To be honest, at first I was somewhat disappointed, as there did not seem to me to be much which could come within the "suitable for Christmas Gifts" category. I was thinking in terms of luxurious fur muffs and the like. Then I realised that in these days of car heaters the need for such did not exist. Instead, new ideas dawned.

THERE are about three main types of article which I for one would be glad to have in my Christmas stocking. They are, first, the accessories which are aids to driving and which increase the comfort and pleasure of journeys; second, the equipment which would delight the man who likes to work on his car; and, thirdly, the frankly luxurious gadget which we would all like to have but rarely get unless someone gives it to us. In all groups, there is a wide price range even down to simple things for the children's money-box to provide for Daddy!

Since I mentioned heaters as being common, let me first suggest an inexpensive one for fitting to cars not so equipped. Tudor Accessories offer a quite simple heater which can be fitted to more or less any car for the low figure of £5 18s. 6d. complete. Called the Tudor Mark II. Fresh Air Heater, it provides just that, although it does not cope with such complications as de-frosting, and so forth. For the more ambitious type of heater prices range round the 15-guinea mark or even more. They provide full heat control and also direct feed to windscreen for de-frosting, but are, of course, more complex to fit.

Clocks are not fitted as standard in quite a number of cars to-day and so Smith's Motor Accessory people have a range of attractive timepieces made specially to fill the gap. For such cars as the Morris *Minor* and the Hillman *Minx* there are Smith's Clocks designed to fit in existing facias. These cost between £4 10s. and £6, including purchase tax. For any car, Smith's offer a rather nice fitting in the form of the Mirror Clock. A driving mirror (anti-glare) incorporates a clock and thus overcomes the problem as to where a clock can be fitted. Everyone in the car can see the time and no fitting problems have to be overcome. This costs £4 15s. "plus 22s. 2d. purchase tax." (How sick I am of writing those last four words!).

Fog is one of the worst obstacles motorists have to overcome and any aid to negotiation of it would be welcome. I am rather struck by the new Marchal rectangular fog-lamp called the Rectilux. Costing from 66s. to 94s. 6d., complete with bracket, switch, and cable, according to finish in chrome or black or part of each, it does seem to me to offer as good a chance as any of getting vision through fog without dazzle back into your face. Neat and small, it should fit well on the front of any car.

For the smoker, Trico produce a Pop-out cigarette lighter for 36s. 3d. (inc. P.T.). This simply needs a press and then it pops out when heated ready to light the cigarette. I also appreciate the thought that provides a tiny light inside the lighter fitting which is wired up with the car lights. Thus, it shows just where the socket is in the dark and avoids any chance of a burn on the facia through not being able to see in the dark. An alternative gadget for the smoker is the Tudor Rickauto, which combines cigarette-box, ash-tray, extinguisher and automatic lighter! All this naturally costs more (£4), but only one touch is required and a cigarette is delivered into the lighter. One more touch, and the cigarette is lighted ready to smoke!

While on Trico-Folberth stand, I saw their display of the windscreen-washer. Now there is an accessory that would surely be welcomed. For 49s. 6d. complete, this gadget provides when fitted the answer to the dirty windscreen which can be such a nuisance. The simple pressing of a button causes jets of clean water to be sprayed on to the screen for the wiper to clear. In frosty weather, the addition of a special compound to the container also provides the answer to outside freezing. Having used one a good deal, I can vouch for its usefulness.

Loose covers for the car seats are deservedly popular and I came across a rather attractive range made by Karobes, of Leamington Spa. They offer the usual range of self-coloured felt covers, piped in contrasting colours and, what is more, they make covers for any car in genuine tartan materials. How gay these are, and how I envy those with the right to use them! The plain felts work out for even a large car like the Mk. VII. Jaguar at 18 guineas; tartans for the same car cost £22 18s. Incidentally, either front seat alone costs one-third the set price, a bench-type front seat costs two-thirds, and the back seat only, one-third. I must say, too, that these covers, whilst loose in the sense that they are simply tied on and can be taken off easily for cleaning, do fit tightly and snug to the seats.

Karobes also showed me their range of rugs in these tartans at 50s. (in nice cellophane package). And if I may trespass on preserves not really mine, for the ladies I was struck by the same makers' Travel Skirts. Made in the tartans and costing £2 9s. 6d. (including 9s. 3d. P.T.!), these are tailored and can be used as a rug. When leaving the car for sporting events or picnics, they can be worn as an extra skirt, simply buttoned round the waist.

Now for the man who is an enthusiast and who enjoys doing repairs himself (and there are many), nothing could be more welcome than a really good set of spanners. Not a very romantic sort of gift, I know, but one appreciated greatly by the keen mechanic. The Churchill sets of Socket Wrenches are fine, and costs vary according to set from about £3 10s. upwards. In complete sets of tools for the motorist, the tool firm of King Dick offer a wide range. In canvas or leatherette rolls, these come from 57s. 6d. up to 87s. 6d. In metal boxes, the sets range from 65s. to 111s. 6d. Any of these would be an original and very welcome gift for the enthusiast.

Still being mechanical, for almost all motorists whose car has not got fitted jacks, a nice new hydraulic jack would sooner or later come in very useful and often just at the time when aid was most needed. Dunlops do a wide range, with the jacks suitable for most cars coming out at 75s. Ross Courtney offer their "Junior" jack at £4 4s.

Car-washing is not a pleasant pastime, but it is a job so many of us have to do. So an aid here would be very pleasing and I personally fancy the gadget made by Lister Equipment, of Manchester. A brush nozzle for fixing to the hose costs 39s. 6d. and aids the washing business greatly. To add to it, there is the shampoo dispenser! This is simply a container that has to be fitted between tap and hose (quite simple, I assure you) and in the dispenser you use Listergent tablets. The resultant cleaning from the treated water is really very good indeed and the job takes on a new simplicity.

In the group that I class as luxury gifts, but which to those who take the car on the Continent to give battle to French lorries is almost a necessity, a really fine horn comes first. I have said before that so many cars to-day are inadequately equipped in this respect. So consider the Trico trumpets, fitted either singly, as twins or triples. The price range is from 82s. 6d. right up to 270s., according to number of horns and black or chrome. Most are available with either hand or foot operation, too.

Now in the really luxury class of horn, Trico's associated company, Marchal, offer a tune-playing instrument for 39½ guineas. It is called the Fulgor Musical Horn, and very nice, too!

I was told that the Desmo Bulb horns are very popular in America and they have their appeal and uses over here, too. From simple bulb at 32s. 6d., there is quite a range up to the De Luxe Horn of the range costing from 57s. 6d. to 65s., according to finish. Pleasing accessories and extras, bulbs are useful for gentle warning to pedestrians and the like.

I suppose radiator mascots are in the luxury class, but they are always popular and pleasing. Desmo are famous for their range and one can choose according to the taste and hobby of the fortunate recipient. There are the range of dogs; of sports like golf and fishing. There is the fine Jaguar, or the graceful horse. Naturally, there is also the selection of human figures with names like Diving Nymph. Hand-made and first-class in detail, they cost from £5 5s. upwards, with a few smaller models at about £3 17s.

Lastly, I promised something for the children's gift to Mummie or Daddy. How about some of those cloths that really do clear mist from inside the windscreen? "Smog," they are called. They are only 2s. 6d. each. In the same price range, the Lucas Rear Reflectors for 4s. 6d. a pair up to 8s. each would be well received as an added contribution to safety Fitted on the back of any car, they do give a clear red warning to any driver coming up behind, even dipped beams causing them to reflect equal to a normal tail-lamp up to 300 ft. One day I hope every vehicle will have these!

How to pick ties that he'll like to wear? That knotty problem is solved for you straight away at Simpson. Here are ties in a profusion never before equalled — ties restrained, ties exuberant, ties plain, ties patterned — but all chosen *by* men *for* men. You can't go wrong when you give ties from . . .

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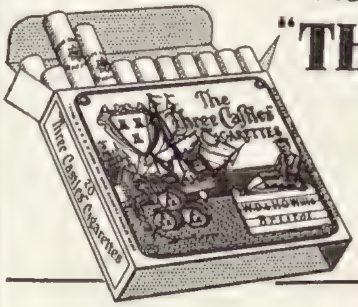

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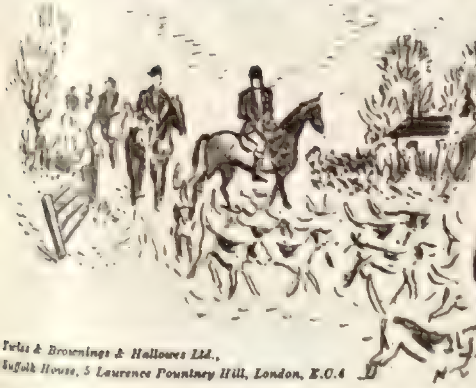

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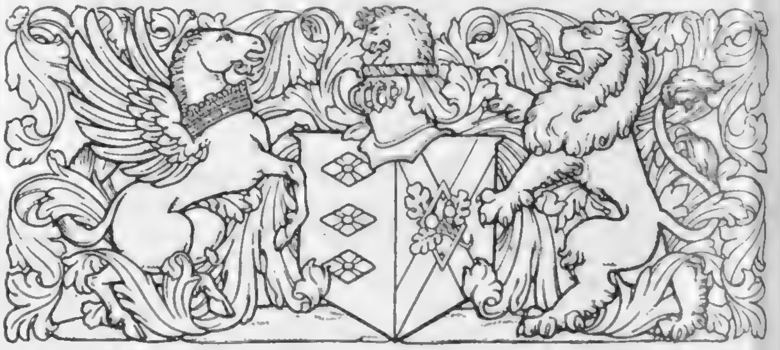

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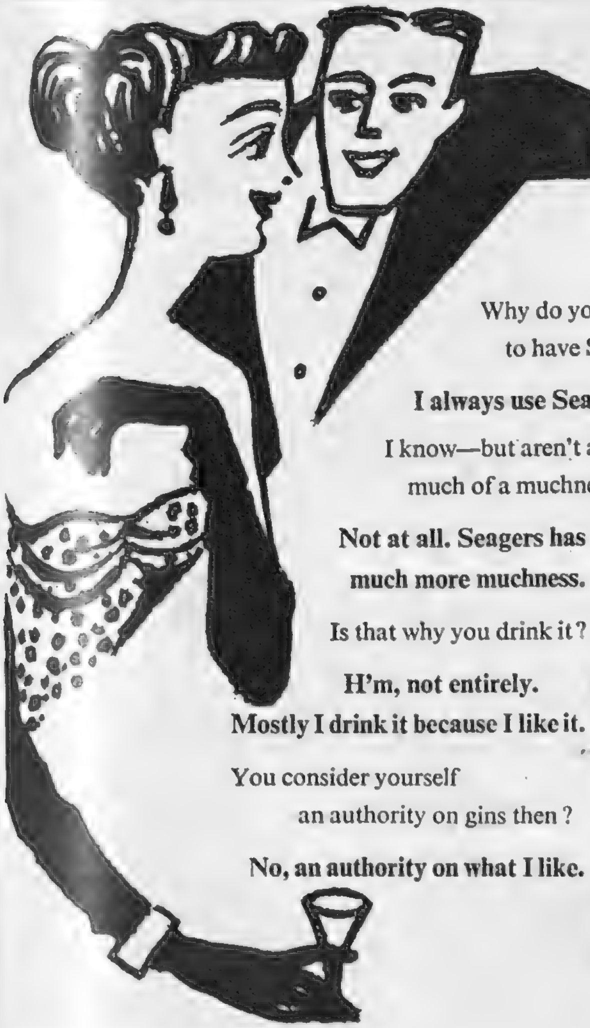

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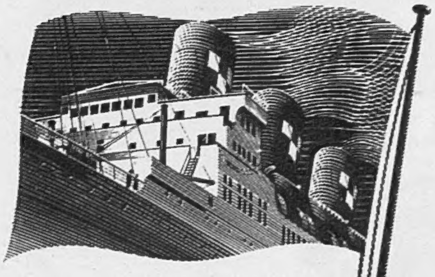

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